THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XXXI. SUMMER NUMBER, 1935 No. 235

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THE DICKENSIAN

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Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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> E. V. Lucas in "The Sunday Times."

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SUMMER
VOL. XXXI. 1935 No. 235

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

Universal Dickens. Speaking at the dinner of The Pilgrims, held in his honour in April last, the Duke of Kent said, " Perhaps the greatest medium through which the understanding of one people by another could be increased was the film. A film of one of Dickens's novels presented something to the world that was entirely English, in the same way that the ' Covered Wagon ' presented something entirely American."

The day previous the Earl of Athlone presided at a luncheon to the South African cricket team, and took for the text of his speech the account of the famous match played at Muggleton ; and in the same week, at a meeting in connection with the Galsworthy Festival, Mr. Humbert Wolfe declared that as a humanitarian and reformer Galsworthy took the torch from Charles Dickens.

The introduction to the Budget earlier in the month brought forth many references to Dickens. Among others, Sir Herbert Samuel referred to Mr. Chamberlain as Mr. Micawber, and was himself in turn dubbed Mrs. Gummidge.

* * * * *

Sketches by Boz. Closely following the article on " Contemporary Opinion of Dickens's Earliest Work " in our last number, comes the news from Philadelphia that Mr. Richard Gimbel has discovered that a New York weekly called " The Albion " was very quick to recognise the genius of the new writer. In their issue for March 29th, 1834, was reprinted *Mrs Joseph Porter Over the Way*, which had appeared in " The Monthly Magazine " for January in that year. In all, six of the first seven stories written by Dickens were reprinted in its pages before the end of the year.

On April 21st the London weekly newspaper, "The Observer," which gave Dickens his first favourable notice, took credit to itself for having published in its issue of April 20th, 1835, a portion of a Sketch signed "Boz." As, however, the present writer pointed out in a letter published by them the following week, this was not a new contribution, but only a portion of an article, *London Recreations*, which had appeared in "The Evening Chronicle" on March 17th, 1835. Nevertheless, this lifting of "copy" from one paper into another is clear proof of the manner in which Dickens's work attracted attention at the time.

* * * * *

Who says Exaggeration? Dr. Marie Stopes, in "The Times" for 22nd April, wrote:—

"I have never given and never will give pocket money in my nursery. My son, who is just 11, has earned everything he has spent, with the exception of a few money gifts on recognised occasions such as birthdays. At the age of four, interested in the household wages book, he asked for a wages book of his own and began to earn money, entering it up in the wages book and signing for it. Looking back in that little record one finds items such as this: to cleaning white paint in drawing room, 2d.; to laying turf straight in garden, 4d.; to chopping wood, 2d.; to felling a tree, 6d."

Now look at what Mrs. Pardiggle says in *Bleak House*:—

"Alfred, my youngest (five), has voluntarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form. . . . Alfred (five), who, as I mentioned, has of his own election joined the Infant Bonds of Joy, was one of the very few children who manifested consciousness on that occasion, after a fervid address of two hours from the Chairman of the evening."

Who dare say that Dickens exaggerated?

* * * * *

Not Cruikshank. Cruikshank is still getting the credit as the illustrator of Dickens. In March "The Kinematograph Weekly" reproduced a series of Fred Barnard's drawings illustrating *David Copperfield*, side by side with photographs representing similar incidents in the film, and the caption referred to the former as being "the original Cruikshank illustrations." It was, of course, "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) who made the original illustrations to *David Copperfield* and so many other novels; Cruikshank illustrated only *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*.

* * * * *

Dickens Names. The Verger of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, to whose researches I referred in these notes in 1932 (page 256), has discovered more Dickensian names in his registers. Both Oliver and Twist appear in 1813 within a few pages of each other. Altogether he claims to have found no less than sixty such names in his registers to 1859. Among them are Corney, Harmon, Tapley, Heep, Brass and Rigaud.

The Drood Trial Recalled. It is pleasing to find that the past achievements of The Dickens Fellowship have not been lost in oblivion. In referring to the coming *Edwin Drood* film, the "New York Times" recalled the time (it gave us quite a shock to think it was close on a quarter of a century ago) when we staged "The Trial of John Jasper for the Murder of Edwin Drood," and the daily papers entered into the spirit of the game, and came out with preliminary particulars of the crime and reported the case just as if it had taken place at the Old Bailey.

* * * * *

Thanks. Thanks also to the "New York Times" for their leaderette of March 3rd headed "A Dickens Revival," and their reference therein to this magazine.

* * * * *

Prison for Debt. Imprisonment for debt, on which I am pleased to publish in this number an article from an authorative source, was the subject of a long discussion in the House of Lords on February 27th, during which Lord Merrivale reminded the House that Dickens had done a great deal to expose the savage wickedness of it, and that for the well-to-do it had practically come to an end, but not for the poor, and it was high time the stigma was entirely removed from the Statute Book.

* * * * *

Vide Sam Weller. "The Times" of February 28th last contained the following copy of an advertisement which had appeared in its columns just one hundred years before.

> "A Fortune to be made by Purchasing or Renting the most splendid and perfect Gas Microscope, magnifying minute insects to the stupendous size of 3,000,000 times their natural magnitude. It was exhibited at 21 Old Bond Street, by Messrs. Cooper and Carey, to nearly 200,000 persons. Is to be seen now at the Grove House, Camberwell, where it is exhibited daily. . . . The whole apparatus packs in a light spring van for travelling, and is removed with the greatest facility."

* * * * *

The Uncommercial Travellers' Club. In appreciation of the excellence of the performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest," referred to in our last number, Mrs. Bennett, of Limehouse, a London member of The Dickens Fellowship, has presented the Club with the sum of £20 to add to the proceeds of the performance, thus making the total donation to The Dickens House £41 8s. 6d.

* * * * *

Dickens on Tour. A Miss Edith Wright has been interviewed by a Yorkshire paper on her recollections of Dickens at the time he visited Wakefield on March 7th, 1867. She states how her father entertained all the celebrities who visited their town, and gives a charming account of the private reading of a portion of *Little Dorrit* with which Dickens entertained his host and family

after supper. Miss Wright was only eleven years of age at that time and I cannot help thinking she is confusing Dickens with some other celebrity entertained by her father. During the reading tours Dickens kept himself strictly private. He did not even visit friends. Less than a month after his visit to Wakefield, he wrote to the wife of Bishop Ellicot in declining an invitation to stay with them, "Any social pleasure, or anything in the nature of a visit is wholly incompatible with the episodical life. I am obliged to observe the rule of always living with my Secretary at an hotel, and never do anything agreeable between the Readings but rest in strict privacy."

* * * * *

On Top. We have received a very interesting note from Messrs. W. Collins and Sons, Ltd. *David Copperfield* was the first book selected by them thirty-two years ago for their series of "Illustrated Classics." To-day, out of three hundred titles, this book still stands at the top of the list of sales, which shows no less than five Dickens books among the first nine.

* * * * *

Another Mystery. Whilst Dickensians concern themselves with the mystery of Edwin Drood, the public generally may soon be asking who was the author of it, for in the extensive poster publicity arranged for the film, a complete absence of the name of Dickens is noticeable. Perhaps the Universal Film Company think the name of the author a universal possession; on the other hand, it may probably be just another clever piece of publicity—it has set me advertising their film at once.

* * * * *

One page of the MS. of *Oliver Twist* (of which a facsimile appeared in *The Dickensian*, 1912, page 295) was sold recently at the American Art Association, New York, for $2150.

* * * * *

The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. Mr. W. T. Spencer contributed a very interesting letter to "The Times Literary Supplement," on May 2nd, stating that in some papers belonging to F. W. Pailthorpe recently purchased, he has discovered a note in his writing recording a conversation on the day after Dickens died, in which Cruikshank definitely stated that this pamphlet was the work of Dickens.

* * * * *

A New Host for "The George." The famous George Inn in Borough High Street is to have a new lease of life, and we congratulate Mr. Leslie Staples, most ardent Dickensian and President of "The Uncommercial Travellers Club," on taking over the management. It was an unique opportunity, and Mr. Staples with his accustomed zeal seized upon it. Knowing him as we do, we are confident that under his management, the old inn cannot fail to regain some of its former glory, and we wish him every success in his enterprise.

WALTER DEXTER.

MARIA BEADNELL'S ALBUM

By A. de SUZANNET

IN the early decades of the nineteenth century, every young lady with claims to gentility possessed an "Album," usually a birthday gift. According to the worldly circumstances of donor and recipient, this indispensable volume might range from the folio or large quarto of elaborately tooled and inlaid morocco to the modest duodecimo clothed in paper-covered boards, that yet strove, in the variety of its gilded and embossed decorations, to vie with its more gorgeous brethren. The contents were no less varied. There was the very high-toned album, the pages of which were reserved for original contributions by the literary and artistic lions of the day. There was the Beauty's Album, overflowing with the adulatory verse of love-sick admirers. There was the scrap-book, wherein all gifts were welcome: poems transcribed from fashionable anthologies, highly-coloured mementoes of continental travel, or artless effusions of girl-friends and sisters.

The album presented on November 17th, 1827, to Miss Maria Beadnell by "a sincere friend" (doubtless on the occasion of her seventeenth anniversary) may unhesitatingly be described as an aristocrat in the world of birthday books and keepsakes; not on account of its handsome binding of dark green morocco or of the exceptional merit of its contents (although the drawings and verses that fill its hundred and forty odd pages often display more than average talent), but because within its covers are to be found, in his own autography, the earliest literary productions of the greatest novelist of all time.

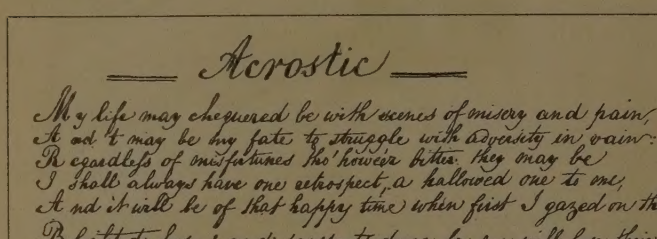
Maria, it may be recalled, was the youngest daughter of George Beadnell, for many years the manager of Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smith's banking establishment in Lombard Street. Charles Dickens met this extremely pretty and vivacious girl of nineteen in the early months of 1830, was admitted to her family circle, promptly fell in love with her, and adored her in alternative phases of hope and despair throughout a period of three years. Many passages of Dickens's printed works, besides his letters to Miss Beadnell and to Henry Kolle, have revealed to us the extraordinary ardour and depth of this early love. He himself has told how his passion for Maria lifted him out of black memories of early suffering and humiliation into an ethereal realm of beauty and hope; how it roused his latent energies to an unexampled display of perseverance and will; and how, finally, it turned the whole course of an unpromising adolescence into one of the greatest careers accomplished by mortal man.

It must have been shortly after their first meeting that the love-stricken youth was permitted to pay his first tribute to Maria's charms within the pages of her album. This tribute took the form of an acrostic constructed on the thirteen letters of the adored one's name and surname, and is, it must be acknowledged, a sorry performance. Nevertheless these lines have at least a sentimental value: they were

written by Dickens when he was eighteen years old and deeply in love. We give below a reduced facsimile of this poem, the earliest known literary effort of the great writer.*

Dickens's other contributions to Miss Beadnell's album were all written in the late autumn of 1831, and, both in form and substance, show a marked improvement on his offering of the previous year.

The Devil's Walk is a semi-humorous poem of 64 lines divided into eight stanzas. It occupies three pages of the album, and is signed, at the end, " C.D., Novr., 1831." The date shows that it was written


Acrostic

My life may chequered be with scenes of misery and pain,
And it may be my fate to struggle with Adversity in vain:
Regardless of misfortunes tho' however bitter they may be
I shall always have one retrospect a hallowed one to me,
And it will be of that happy time when first I gazed on thee.
Blighted hopes, and prospects drear, for me will lose their sting,
Endless troubles shall harm not me, when fancy on the wing
A lapse of years shall travel o'er, and again before me cast
Dreams of happy fleeting moments then for ever past:
Not any Worldly pleasure has such magic charms for me
E'en now, as those that moments spent in company with thee,
Life has no charms, no happiness, no pleasures, now for me
Like those I feel, when this my lot Maria, to gaze on thee.

Dickens's first contribution to Maria's Album, and the earliest of all his known literary manuscripts (1830)

at about the same time as *The Bill of Fare*,† likewise composed in honour of Maria.

In the second stanza, the House of Lords is alluded to in scathing terms, and the fourth and fifth stanzas make unflattering mention of at least one member of the House of Commons. By the light of these verses, Dickens at 19 is already revealed as an out-and-out radical, an enemy of the rich and powerful and a champion of the down-trodden. Moreover, his interest in, and knowledge of, contemporary politics confirms the fact that by the end of 1831 he was already in the Gallery reporting for " The Mirror of Parliament."

Another stanza relates the Devil's visit to Irving's Chapel, and here

* A manuscript entitled *The Stratagems of Rozanza, a Venetian Comedietta, by C. J. H. Dickens*, 1828, is in existence. But its authenticity has never been satisfactory established and it is not in Dickens's writing.

† First published in " Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell," The Bibliophile Society, Boston, 1908.

may be found the earliest evidence of Dickens's life-long antipathy to Dissenters :

> For it always fills the Devil with glee
> To hear Religion mocked.

The sixth and eighth stanzas pay homage to Maria's irresistible attractions :

> As the Devil was passing I won't say where
> But not far from Lombard Street,
> He saw at a window a Face so fair
> That it made him start and weep.
> For a passing thought rushed over his brain
> Of days now beyond recall,
> He thought of the bright Angelic train
> And of his own wretched fall.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> This feeling vanished as soon as it came
> And he turned to walk away,
> But he sought for this Album to find the name
> Of Her he'd seen that day.
> He cast his eye swiftly o'er these few lines
> To drive away thoughts so sad,
> And he said with glee : " They're worthy of me
> For I'm sure they're *devilish bad* ! "

The Churchyard is another poem of eight stanzas and 64 verses. It is written on four pages of the album, and, like *The Devil's Walk*, is signed at the end, " C.D., Novr., 1831."

" Tombstone " philosophy, brought into fashion eighty years earlier by Gray's famous " Elegy," was still much in vogue, but there is an original touch in young Dickens's handling of the theme : the humble unadorned graves of the Christian poor contrasted with the mausoleums of the ungodly rich. A young girl who dies of a broken heart is clearly the forerunner of Little Em'ly, and the " Roué " who seduced her, " exulting in his shameless guile," is an early presentment of Sir Mulberry Hawk or of Steerforth the Magnificent. The poem concludes with the following stanza :—

> But why pursue this painful theme
> Or longer here remain :
> The dead sleep sound ; they cannot dream
> Of sorrow, grief, or pain.
> From Man to GOD they will appeal
> Where no man can dissemble :
> There will the wronged for justice kneel,
> There will the Tyrant tremble.

Dickens's fourth contribution to Miss Beadnell's album is a poem of 18 lines entitled *Lodgings to Let*. It is supposedly inspired by a water-colour drawing that has been mounted in the volume to face the verses. This little picture is unsigned but certainly the work of Henry Austin, the future husband of Letitia Dickens, and already in 1831 an intimate friend of her brother Charles. An architect by

profession, Austin was a draughtsman of considerable skill—and also one of Maria's most devoted slaves. But there was evidently no bitterness in his rivalry with the more favoured suitor : in two instances to be met with in the album, Henry has supplied illustrations for Charles's poetry, and possibly young Dickens may have had a hand in some of the verses that are signed " H**** A*****."

The drawing for *Lodgings to Let* represents an open window framed

" Dido and Ascanius "
A Portrait of Maria Beadnell and her brother George,
by Henry Austin

in an attractive setting of brick, woodwork and green shutters. By the window, a handsome young woman may be observed busily rinsing a bottle and glasses in a wash-tub. Behind the lifted sash a printed notice has been affixed : " Lodgings to let " (ingeniously inserted through a slit at the back of the sheet).

Enchanted by this delightful vision, the poet decides to engage the rooms without loss of time :

> . . . This charming spot my home shall be,
> While dear Maria keeps the key.
> I'll settle here, no more I'll roam,
> But make this place my happy home.

A great advantage, too, will be,
I *shall* keep such good company:
So good that I fear my composing
Will be considered very prosing.
Still I'm most proud, amongst these pickings,
To rank the humblest name.—*Charles Dickens.*

On one of the last pages of Maria's Book, a poem of ten lines, entitled *Written in an Album by T. Moore*, has been transcribed by Dickens and signed by him, "C.D., 1831." On the opposite page Miss Beadnell has mounted a drawing in pencil and water-colour which was undoubtedly executed by Henry Austin. It is a portrait of Maria in the guise of a country milkmaid and must likewise have been Dickens's gift, since his autograph inscription, "C.D., 1831," appears below the picture on the corresponding leaf of the album.

Contributions to the album by other members of the Beadnell circle are, in several instances, of Dickensian interest.

The fair owner herself may head our list with two poems signed S.M.B. (for Sarah Maria Beadnell), both of which carry the hall-mark of the coquette.

"So I think that for lovers the summer is best," is the burden of her first song; while the second, in the manifest insincerity of its opening lines and its contradictory conclusion, sounds like a challenge to her favourite suitor:—

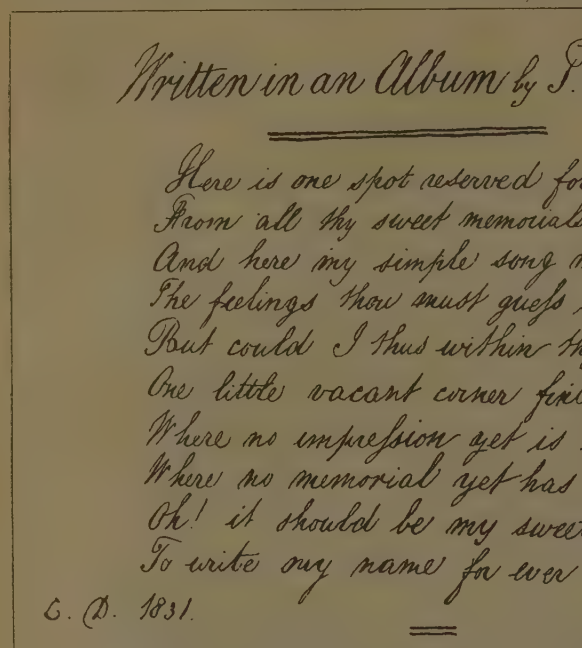
Happy a man may pass his life,
If freed from matrimonial chains.
. . . . . .
For in the sex you'll see appear
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
In women never can reside.
Destruction take the men, I say,
Who make a woman their delight,
Who no regard to women pay,
Keep reason always in their sight.

Several offerings by Henry Austin, besides the two illustrations already described, bear the dates of 1831 and 1832; an elaborately designed title-page; various poems, one of which (*Le Petit Savoyard*) is charmingly illustrated; a portrait of Maria, painted in gouache and entitled "Dido," with an accompanying set of verses.

Other contributors were Margaret Lloyd, the eldest of the three Beadnell sisters, and David Lloyd, her husband; Anne Beadnell, the second sister, who married Henry Kolle in 1833; George Beadnell, Maria's youngest brother; Louisa and William Moule, described at length in *The Bill of Fare*; Mary Anne Leigh, who played such a dastardly part in the breaking up of Dickens's youthful romance. A poem signed F.E.D. is in the hand of Fanny Dickens, and a page of manuscript music signed J.H. may in all likelihood be attributed to the composer, John Hullah.

After her break with Dickens in May, 1833, Maria remained single

for another eight years. She married Henry Winter in 1841, and, when her next meeting with Dickens took place (in February, 1855), she was the mother of two daughters, the elder of whom, Ella, was alone destined to survive babyhood. The final contribution to Maria's album, a poem written by Ella Winter in 1859 and entitled "To My


Written in an Album by C. Moore.

Here is one spot reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free,
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there.

C. D. 1831.

Written by Dickens in the Album of Maria Beadnell

Mother," is a melancholy commentary on the fragility of feminine charms :—

> And canst thou, Mother, for a moment think,
> That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
> Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
> Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
> Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
> Than we, ungrateful leave thee in that day
> To pine in solitude thy life away,
> Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink. . . .

Dickens, as is well known, never forgave Maria Beadnell for having grown fat and silly. But to Maria's little daughter he became sincerely attached and his affection for her, in later years, never varied. On March 13th, 1855, only a fortnight after his first disastrous meeting

with Mrs. Winter and the shattering of so many tender memories, we find the author of *Little Dorrit* writing to Ella :—

" . . . I am very glad indeed that you like the small present so much ; because it is such a very small present in itself that when you tell me so, I begin to think you like me, and think the present a much better one than it is, for my sake. Once upon a time when the Fairies used to give presents to Queens' daughters (if your Mama had lived in those days *she* might have been a Queen perhaps, though I don't think she would ever have been a tall one), they used to say at the christenings : ' I give this little girl goodness.'—' I give this little girl sweet temper.'—' I give this little girl a tender heart '—and so on. Now I am not a Fairy myself, and indeed I never heard of a Fairy with a moustache and Wellington Boots, and I never gave anything at a christening except a Mug . . . ; but when I gave you that little brooch, I gave you my best wishes for all sorts of virtues. So I expect you to grow up the best, and therefore of course the happiest, of tiny women ; and when everybody loves you and you come to see a very old gentleman in a black velvet cap, reading a big book in a big arm-chair, you will think of these words, and you will find that identical old gentleman to be myself.

" I was dreadfully cross on Sunday, when I came home and found you had been here and were gone. My Owl said : ' What do you think ? She knocked me down, but she didn't hurt me, and she peeped all over the table.' When you come again I will shew you a Raven, alive and pecking. He will peck little holes in your legs if you like, and make a complete cribbage-board of each of your stockings. He breaks all the kitchen-windows every day, and flies at everybody except the cook. What a dear bird he is to be sure.

" My little children send you their loves. It's the Baby's birthday, and he says he don't want many happy returns of the measles—which he has got at present. He keeps upon his bed, and goes to sleep among : a large cart of real timber drawn by two grey horses ; a Noah's Ark with all the Animals out walking, in company with Noah, Ham, Shem and Japhet, Mrs. N., Mrs. H., Mrs. S. and Mrs. J. ; the camp at Chobham and four brass cannon ; a farm-yard ; a box of bricks ; a clown in a washing-tub, driving two geese ; four crusts of buttered toast ; all the cannon-balls (which roll into bed and tickle him) ; and I don't know what besides.

Ever affectionately yours

Charles Dickens.

(What do you think of *that* for a flourish !) "

In December, 1858, when Ella Winter must have been about fifteen years old, she received the following note from her mother's old friend :—

" . . . I have received your pretty book-marker with the greatest pleasure, and you may be sure that it will always lie snugly in some book or other, on some table or other, here in my study. It will always be valuable to me for your sake, and will often and often

carry my mind back to the days when your Mamma was a girl, and I was a boy, and very few people knew the name of

your affectionate

Charles Dickens."

"The Milkmaid"

A "Portrait" of Maria Beadnell by Henry Austin, presented to Maria by Dickens

Although we have wandered somewhat from Miss Beadnell's album, we have not, after all, entirely lost our way. For, as we knock with little Ella at the door of Tavistock House, it is no old gentleman in a velvet cap that opens to us, but a boy, bright with the spirits of eternal youth: the boy Charles who had loved Maria with a great love, and who became, for her sake, the immortal Dickens.

FOREIGNERS IN DICKENS

By KEITH A. McKENZIE, M.A., D. ès L.

IT might have been expected that a writer who spent so much time abroad as Dickens did would have found literary material there. Surely, when Mr. Charles Dickens, the well-known novelist, goes to live for some months in Italy, we may expect from him a new novel in an Italian setting. It is true that we do obtain a slim volume of travel descriptions entitled *Pictures from Italy*. But what is the man writing in his Genoese palace? Why, *The Chimes*, than which nothing could be more English. Three numbers of *Dombey and Son* came from the Swiss lake-side villa at Lausanne. During his stay in Paris he must have been accumulating material for the only one of all his novels in which foreigners figure to any extent, *A Tale of Two Cities*, but during that time also he was writing *Little Dorrit*. It has been remarked that in his description of Rome it is impossible to ignore "the undertone of Bow Bells." No doubt his journeys abroad intensified his devotion to things English, for "the only way to go to England is to go away from it."

The majority of his very numerous characters, if they travel, do so in English hackney cabs or stage-coaches. Occasionally, however, he takes some abroad. The Dorrit family go by the Great St. Bernard into Switzerland and Italy, settling for some time in Venice and for a yet longer period in Rome. Arthur Clennam must cross once to France in pursuit of the elusive Blandois; while the intriguing Flintwinch, metamorphosed into Mynheer von Flyntevynge, takes refuge in the Hague and Amsterdam. And then there are the fateful journeys in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Dickens's own attitude to foreigners seems to have been one of remarkable liberality and sympathy. More than once he pours fierce scorn on some extreme examples of blind national prejudice. In a short sketch entitled "A Monument of French Folly" (the title itself is ironic), he ridicules the current English notion of the French as "a frog-eating people, who wear wooden shoes," and according to which every Frenchman, "if he be not a dancing-master, or a barber, . . . must be a cook; since no other trades but these are congenial to the tastes of the people, or permitted by the institutions of the country." This is mild banter compared with a passage in *Our Mutual Friend*. Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap have some guests to dinner in honour of their daughter Georgiana's birthday. Among the guests is a foreign gentleman, "whom Mr. Podsnap had invited after much debate with himself . . . and there was a droll disposition, not only on the part of Mr. Podsnap, but of everybody else, to treat him as if he were a child who was hard of hearing. As a delicate concession to this unfortunately-born foreigner, Mr. Podsnap, in receiving him, had

presented his wife as 'Madame Podsnap.'" In the course of a very patronizing conversation with the foreigner, his host enquires with emphasis: "And do you find, Sir . . . many evidences that strike you, of our British Constitution in the Streets of the World's metropolis, London, Londres, London?" The foreigner hardly understands. Pitying his lack of intelligence, and his misfortune in having been born elsewhere than in England, Mr. Podsnap gives some advice on pronunciation, and then further asserts that the British Constitution was bestowed on Britain by Providence. The foreigner ventures to think this a little particular of Providence. "Undoubtedly," assented Mr. Podsnap; "But so it is. It was the Charter of the Land. This island was blest, Sir, to the direct exclusion of such other countries as—as there may happen to be. And if we were all Englishmen present, I would say," added Mr. Podsnap, looking round upon his compatriots, and sounding solemnly with his theme, "that there is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of everything calculated to call a blush to the cheek of a young person, which one would seek in vain among the nations of the earth." Having delivered this little summary . . . with his favourite right-arm flourish, he put the rest of Europe and the whole of Asia, Africa, and America nowhere. Dickens has no mercy on this patriot, who is equally blind to the merits of other countries and the defects of his own. Dickens even labels the attitude with the generic name of "Podsnappery."

The inhabitants of Bleeding Heart Yard, in *Little Dorrit*, were similarly ignorant and self-righteous in their attitude to Giovanni Baptista Cavaletto, the Italian ex-smuggler. "In the first place they were vaguely persuaded that every foreigner had a knife about him; in the second, they held it to be a sound constitutional national axiom that he ought to go home to his own country. . . . In the third place, they had a notion that it was a sort of Divine visitation upon a foreigner that he was not an Englishman, and that all kinds of calamities happened to his country because it did things that England did not, and did not do things that England did. In this belief, to be sure, they had long been carefully trained by the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings, who were always proclaiming to them, officially and unofficially, that no country which failed to submit itself to those two large families could possibly hope to be under the protection of Providence." The English people who interest themselves in Cavaletto have the same ludicrous tendency to speak loudly as though he were deaf. They were at pains to frame queer sentences in pidgin English. One lady "attained so much celebrity by saying 'Me 'ope you leg well soon,' that it was considered in the Yard but a very short remove indeed from speaking Italian."

No one could accuse the creator of Squeers and Ralph Nickleby and of many another English rogue of tenderness towards the faults of his own people, but he was taken to task for his picture of the Jew in *Oliver Twist*, which, it was said, was calculated to bring dislike upon the religion of the race to which he belonged. Obviously,

Dickens intended no attack on Jews in general, but so anxious was he to be just, and to avoid even the appearance of national prejudice, that he created the benevolent old Jew, Riah, in *Our Mutual Friend*. Moreover, the qualities of the gentle old man are brought into greater prominence by contrast with the knaveries of the Gentile Fledgeby, whose unconscious agent he is. If, in other instances, the balancing of good and bad is not as obvious and deliberate as this, it is nevertheless clear that Dickens proceeded on the general assumption that no one country has a monopoly of good people or of bad. He notes that the English whom he found in his French " Watering-Place " (Boulogne) were not very good specimens. " But to us," he goes on (speaking of the French and English people), " it is not the least pleasant feature of our French watering-place that a long and constant fusion there has taught each to like the other, and to learn from the other, and to rise superior to the absurd prejudices that have lingered among the weak and ignorant in both countries equally."

The two foreigners in *Little Dorrit* seem to have been deliberately contrived as foils to each other. While Marseilles " lay burning in the sun one day," these two strangely assorted companions lay in a dark prison cell awaiting trial. One was Rigaud, large and tall in frame. The other, presented by Dickens in a swiftly drawn vignette, is a " sunburnt, quick, lithe, little man, though rather thickset. Earrings in his brown ears, white teeth lighting up his grotesque brown face, intensely black hair clustering about his brown throat, a ragged, red shirt open at his brown breast." This is John Baptist Cavaletto, an Italian smuggler. His companion Rigaud, alias Blandois, alias Lagnier, professes to be a cosmopolitan gentleman. His father was Swiss, his mother French by blood though English by birth, and he himself was born in Belgium. It is therefore presumably not the sole fault of any one of the four countries concerned that M. Rigaud is a very thorough scoundrel.

These two persons do not play such a prominent part in the story as the striking opening would lead one to expect. Quite independently of each other, they later reach London, and both come into the life of Arthur Clennam, the one by a means that has some show of probability, the other by mere chance. Cavaletto had been knocked down by a mail-coach in London, and was being taken to hospital with a broken leg when Clennam happened to be passing. Clennam plays the good Samaritan, accompanying the injured man to the hospital and later on, when he has recovered, assisting him to obtain a situation. Through being in touch with Clennam and his friends, the little Italian is later the chief instrument in the apprehension of the urbane villain Blandois, who has been levying a species of blackmail on Mrs. Clennam. Dickens gets rid of Blandois in melodramatic fashion by having the old Clennam house, in which he is waiting alone, collapse and crush him in its ruins. Artistically, Blandois is much less convincing than the picturesque little Italian, whose prototype was perhaps observed by Dickens in Genoa. Blandois is more mechanical.

The same charge can be made against Obenreiser, the Swiss villain

of one of the Christmas stories, *No Thoroughfare*, which Dickens wrote jointly with Wilkie Collins. Much more attractive is another of the Christmas stories, *Somebody's Luggage*. The story is ingeniously introduced. An unknown gentleman had left his luggage at a London boarding house, promising to call for it and also to pay the bill of £2 16s. He never called. The luggage had been kept five years, when it excited the curiosity of Christopher, the new head waiter. The landlady offers Christopher somebody's luggage if he will pay somebody's bill. Christopher agrees, and makes a handsome profit, selling the effects. In the luggage he finds, among other things, numerous manuscripts. Stuffed into somebody's boots is the manuscript of the story he then proceeds to tell.

It is the story of a middle-aged Englishman who, embittered by a quarrel with his daughter, goes to nurse his bitterness in a French provincial town. At first he professes to despise what he calls the sentimentalism of the French people. The town is full of soldiers doing their training. A certain Corporal Théophile spends much of his time looking after a little orphan girl, Bebelle. The Englishman is contemptuous. His landlady tries to explain and justify Théophile's actions, without much success. It happens, however, that the Corporal is accidentally killed, while effecting a brave rescue from a fire. The Englishman is touched, and carries the now friendless orphan off to England, meaning to forgive and be reconciled to his own daughter.

This Christmas story is typical of Dickens, and it is not without significance that in this instance the hard heart was softened by French warmth. Dickens had a very sympathetic understanding of the French people, and admired them greatly. His landlord in *Our French Watering-Places* was one M. Loyal Devasseur, who, said Dickens, had " one of the gentlest hearts that beat in a nation teeming with gentle people."

It was of these French people in one of the most intense periods of their history that Dickens chose to write in one of the finest of his novels, *A Tale of Two Cities*. It is a commonplace to say that it is in many ways different from his other books. This is partly a matter of style, and is no doubt to some extent accounted for by the fact that here he had before him a definite literary model, Carlyle's " French Revolution." In 1851, he wrote from Broadstairs that he had just been " reading that wonderful book the ' French Revolution ' for the five hundredth time." The tale is then a serious attempt at a historical presentation of this period in the manner of Carlyle. The description of the stone faces on the chateau is perhaps the most striking piece of Carlylese in the book. Of course, the imitation is by no means slavish, and the comparison must not be pressed too far.

The charge is frequently brought against Dickens that he could not portray a gentleman. If this term is used in its wider meaning, the charge is not difficult of refutation ; if in its narrower, aristocratic sense, there is probably some truth in it. The Marquis, for instance, has been attacked on both artistic and historical grounds. Ward is particularly severe. " If," he writes, " Dickens desired to depict

he noble of the ancient regime, either according to Carlyle or according o intrinsic probability, he should not have offered, in his Marquis, type historically questionable, and unnatural besides." Dickens lefended himself against similar contemporary attacks by quoting is authorities. He wrote in a letter : " I had of course full knowledge f the formal surrender of the feudal privileges, but these had been elt quite as near to the time of the Revolution as the Doctor's narrative, vhich you will remember dates long before the Terror. With the lang of the new philosophy on the one side, it was surely not un-easonable or unallowable, on the other, to suppose a nobleman vedded to the old cruel ideas, and representing the time going out s his nephew represents the time coming in. If there be anything ertain on earth, I take it that the condition of the French peasant generally at that day was intolerable. No later inquiries or provings y figures will hold water against the tremendous testimony of men iving at the time. There is a curious book printed at Amsterdam, vritten to make out no case whatever, and tiresome enough in its iteral dictionary-like minuteness ; scattered up and down the pages f which is full authority for my marquis. This is Mercier's " Tableau le Paris." Rousseau is the authority for the peasant's shutting up his ouse when he had a bit of meat. The tax-tables are the authority or the wretched creature's impoverishment." This long quotation s given chiefly to suggest the serious research that Dickens undertook n order to ensure historical accuracy. Artistically, it must be con-essed, the Marquis is not a great success ; he is too mechanical, too ıtterly unfeeling, to be regarded as a living, human figure.

With the French peasant and with the citizens of Saint Antoine, Dickens was much more successful. His imaginative sympathy always nade him more at home among the downtrodden and oppressed. There s both vigour and verisimilitude in his description of Saint Antoine, before and during the Revolution. The least satisfactory character s perhaps Madame Defarge, who is as extreme in her way as the Marquis in his. Even the stored-up animosity caused by her terrible xperiences could hardly produce such a character. At any rate, he is more a figure for a melodrama, and is, as Ward says, " rather vearisome as she lies in wait through half a novel."

There is a good deal of historical philosophy in *A Tale of Two Cities*. ' The Voice of Time," the Phantom said to Toby Veck in *The Chimes*, ' cries to man, Advance. . . . Ages of darkness, wickedness, and iolence have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered, ived, and died—to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn im back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which vill strike the meddler dead ; and be the fiercer and the wilder ever, or its momentary check." The violence of the French Revolution corresponded with the intensity of the age-long oppression that preceded and provoked it. Dickens knew also that in addition to nen like his Marquis there were at least some noble aristocrats who reated their peasants kindly, just as in the opposing revolutionary amp cruel and criminal self-seekers were not lacking. In any violent

reaction, it is inevitable that the innocent should suffer with the guilty, and that the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children. It was not for nothing that Dickens drew Charles Evremonde in contrast with the Marquis, and made the gentle Lucie Manette and her husband suffer from the inexorable working out of these laws.

Though thoroughly aware of its cruelty and its terror, Dickens nevertheless must have regarded the French Revolution as a definite step forward, in the emancipation that it brought to masses of people. The contemplation of it, as of the fallen temples and deserted palaces and prisons of Italy, confirmed him in the conviction that " the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is, in all great essentials, better, gentler, more forbearing, and more hopeful, as it rolls." Although he expressed this conviction and his passionate desire to hasten the process of amelioration, mainly in terms of English life, although the vast majority of the numerous hearts that throb through his pages are English, it is clear that he held very earnestly the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Foreigners differed from Englishman only in unimportant, accidental ways. In all the great and deep things of life, men were alike the world over ; and there was the one sky over all.

A LOSS TO SOUTHAMPTON

We deeply sympathise with the Southampton Branch in the loss they have sustained by the sudden death of Mrs. B. M. Hawkins, who has been its Secretary for over fifteen years. Much of the success of the Branch was due to her inspiration and work. She was a most enthusiastic official, and her organising abilities were displayed in many directions for the benefit of various charities. She was also keenly interested in the production of several dramatisations of Dickens in which she took part.

In Memoriam—E. H. BURDEN

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. E. H. Burden, which took place on the 10th March after a long illness of many months. By his passing we lose one whose association with the Headquarters of the Fellowship covered a period of over twenty years, and whose interest was ever keen and manifested itself by a spontaneous generosity in support of all our charitable efforts. For a number of years Mr. Burden served on the Executive Committee and was Chairman of the Council during the years 1916-1919, where his sound judgement and wise counsel were greatly appreciated. Mr. Burden also occupied an honourable position in the N.S.P.C.C. and was Chairman of the Central Executive Committee for eleven years. He frequently lectured on Dickens and devoted the proceeds to this society. He was generous to a degree and took a personal interest in many of the society's cases, and was an anonymous benefactor of many who were in need of help. In the Methodist Church he was greatly esteemed, and also held several positions of trust ; his high character endeared him to all who knew him. He was not only a fine Dickensian, but a great Christian gentleman, and his passing is lamented in the various circles of his activities. To his sorrowing wife and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

A. W. E.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD SWIVELLER

By EDITH M. LUKE

DICK and the Marchioness, known to the outside world as Mr. and Mrs. Richard Swiveller, sat cosily together in their little cottage at Hampstead. They had been married three years and every day Dick was more convinced that the Marchioness was a treasure, whether as housewife, mother or good companion. The wind was howling around the gables and it was a bit of a rough night, but within all was cheery. They had finished a tasty little supper and the fire in the grate was crackling merrily. In front of the fireplace was an old-fashioned cradle, inherited from Aunt Rebecca, who had left Dick £150 a year, with which he had been able to send the Marchioness to school and make of her the distinguished young woman that she now was.

Best of all, within the cradle lay little Nell, their six-months-old baby, called after Little Nell of the Old Curiosity Shop.

"Did I ever tell you, Dick," asked the Marchioness, as she brought out the cribbage board, "that one night, when Sampson and Sally Brass were away visiting Quilp, Christopher Nubbles called for me and took me to visit Little Nell. She and her Grandfather were quite comfortable at that time, only that, even then, the old man was going out on those gambling bouts that ruined him and placed them at Quilp's mercy. Of course, I did not understand why he was going out and leaving Nell alone, but I remember how Kit insisted on keeping guard over the house after we came out, and even went back after bringing me home."

"Never shall I forget," the Marchioness continued, "how beautiful Nell looked that night, with her lovely golden curls and her kindly blue eyes. Heaven looked out from her eyes as she put her arms round my neck and kissed me! And how Kit adored her and even gave up his sleep to protect her."

"Another very happy night for me," said the Marchioness, as she set Dick's pipe and tobacco near the cribbage board, "was the occasion of Kit's theatre party when he asked me to come along and took us all to an oyster supper after. There were Mrs. Nubbles, little Jacob, the baby, Kit's sweetheart Barbara, and Barbara's mother. I stole away that night and was well beaten by Sally Brass when I got back. But it was worth it—what fun we had! It was my first party, Dick, for you know Sally took me from the workhouse."

Here Mr. Swiveller, to divert the attention of the Marchioness from those sad days, called for his evening libation, and would have played the flute to cheer her drooping spirits, only that the Marchioness was afraid he might wake the baby. It was agreed that Dick would take his toddy from his wife's hands at night and on no other occasion, so he was making good progress with his work and the Marchioness was very proud of him.

"I couldn't bear to think," said the Marchioness, "that Sally Brass was my mother—then Sampson Brass would be my uncle—

someone hinted it to me once—but I had rather never know I had a mother, than to come from such a polluted origin as that."

"I have seen lovely pond lilies growing in very turbid waters, dear Marchioness," quoth Dick.

"What an interesting little sixpence you were," he went on, "that night I caught you peeping through the keyhole when I was playing a lone hand of cribbage. I don't think anything ever did me more good than to go out and get that snack for you and to see you eat it. How those brutal Brasses could starve a child like that and beat her and keep her in a damp underground kitchen, passes my understanding."

"I suppose there are thousands of little wenches in underground kitchens all over the United Kingdom, Dick," said his wife. "That is why I have formed a Maids' Guild and am having them here to tea every Thursday afternoon."

"When you taught me to play cribbage, Dick, and named me 'Marchioness,' you gave me my first glimpse of light."

Then Mr. Swiveller produced the little book in which he had been wont to write the names of the streets that he must not frequent, while the shops were open. He was out of debt long since, for the Marchioness was an excellent manager, but he kept the book as a souvenir. Now he quoted from it—"I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week and made that no thoroughfare. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop that up to-night with a pair of gloves. In about a month's time, unless my Aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way."

"Ha, ha, ha," said Dick, with something of his old rollicking abandon, "those were great days. But I shouldn't like to go back to them, Marchioness."

"When I had that terrible fever, Marchioness, and came back to life to see you sitting at my bedside, my faithful little nurse, when everyone else abandoned me, a new consciousness came to me—I saw life differently."

"And what a ride I had in Mr. Abel Garland's pony chaise that night, Dick, when you sent me out to bring him to your bedside, so that you could prove to him that Kit Nubbles was innocent of the charge of felony brought against him by Quilp and Sampson and Sally Brass. It was wonderful to see Mrs. Nubbles' joy when Kit was set free and little Jacob was so happy; and Barbara laughed and cried alternately."

There was a knock at the door and the Marchioness hastened to open it.

"Why, Kit Nubbles and Barbara, come right in! Dick and I were just going to have a game of cribbage, but now we shall play whist."

DICKENS'S DEBT TO SCOTLAND

By W. FORBES GRAY, F.R.S.E.

AM not sure that we even yet realise the important part Scotland played in Dickens's life. While the author of *David Copperfield* ppealed irresistibly to the Scots temperament (which is remarkable hen we remember how typically English he was), it is equally true iat the Scottish atmosphere reacted on Dickens, though it is more ɔticeable in the episodes of his life than in his novels. To be sure, e said many fine, and one or two unforgettable, things, about Scotland nd Scotsmen, but I seriously doubt if he ever arrived at an adequate ɔnception of how much the land of the mountain and the flood, and ıose who dwelt there, had shaped his course.

Has it ever occurred to you that Dickens never wrote a novel with Scottish background, never depicted a character whose lineaments re indubitably Scottish? Therein, I think, he showed his wisdom, r he never quite fathomed the national character nor understood the ɔttish tradition. Probably he saw certain aspects and learned after fashion to admire them; but it cannot be said that his vision of the ɔttish people was penetrating. He saw them as through a glass, ırkly, and in his relations always conveyed the impression that he as not wholly sure of his ground, and that it behoved him to tread arily.

Yet whether Dickens was conscious of it or not, there is, I repeat, ɔ denying his substantial debt to Scotland. Did he not come to our ɔuntry for his wife, and was it not a Scotsman who started him on s literary career, and a group of Scots who first acclaimed his novels? n Dickens's own showing, Edinburgh was the first city to give him public welcome on the strength of his reputation as a novelist. It as within our borders, too, as Sir Henry Dickens reminds us in his Recollections," that the novelist, on his own confession, found his ıest audiences when giving public readings from his works.

And, if we inquire further, we shall find that through his wife, Dickens as linked with the foremost Scottish poet and the foremost Scottish an of letters—Robert Burns and Walter Scott. As I have tried to ow in my book, " Scott in Sunshine and Shadow," Scott and Dickens, ough belonging to different schools, had notable links. Their reers in some respects ran on similar lines. Both had territorial ıbitions and suffered for them financially, and both overtaxed their ental powers and died prematurely. In character, too, they had mething in common. Both were men of generous impulse, eminently vable, who knew how to make friends and how to retain them. Both ɔ experienced enormous popularity, which in a measure was the eans of their undoing.

It is a crowning misfortune that Dickens never met Scott, though may have seen him. That he was not lacking in appreciation of e author of " Waverley " is made clear by the fact that at the very tset of his literary career he wrote two articles in " The Examiner " titled " Scott and his Publishers," in which he characterised Sir

Walter as a "great man" of "transcendent abilities and elevated station" whose "creations" were "familiar as household words." Fresh light has recently been shed on this episode. Alexander Douglas, W.S., a trustee of John Ballantyne (the younger brother of Scott's partner), in proposing a public reply to "the unwarrantable and unjustifiable reflections and aspersions on the conduct of . . . James Ballantyne in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,'" suggested that George Hogarth, W.S., be asked to write such an answer, and that, in doing so, he might avail himself of the assistance of his son-in-law, Charles Dickens. Hogarth, however, declined, while his distinguished relative as I have shown, blossomed into a wholehearted defender of Lockhart's view.

But Scott can hardly be regarded as a contemporary of Dickens, and it is with Scottish contemporaries of the novelist that I am specially concerned—those men and women of Scottish antecedents who were admitted to the circle of his friendship, to whom he talked and wrote and read his novels, and who for their part were cordial, if discriminating, appraisers of his works.

I.

In the forefront I place Francis Jeffrey. He was the first eminent Scotsman warmly to appreciate Dickens's genius, the first to popularise the novels among his countrymen, the first of his race to establish a fraternal relationship with Dickens, kept in repair, I may add, by a frequent interchange of letters. Considering Jeffrey's mentality, his being attracted by Dickens, the man and his works, is significant. That the frigid nature of the Scots senator was thawed by the humour and pathos, the lightheartedness and spontaneity of the English novelist, is one of the surprising episodes of literary history. Dickens's books were the solace of Jeffrey's old age. Often he would burst into tears over the sentimental passages.

It was on Jeffrey's invitation that the novelist paid his first visit to Scotland. Furthermore, so early as 1841, Jeffrey (as Dickens informs us) was driving about Edinburgh declaring that there had been "nothing so good as Nell since Cordelia." Of *American Notes*, however, he spoke with two voices. In one place he wishes that Dickens had not made such an onslaught on the Americans, but in another he has no patience with Brother Jonathan's hypercriticism. "You have," he writes to Dickens, "been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which would give any serious offence to any moderately rational patriot among them. . . . The world has never yet seen a more faithful, graphic, amusing, kind-hearted narrative than you have now bestowed on it." Jeffrey had no doubt that 3,000 copies of *American Notes* would be sold in a week, and he hoped that the creator of Nelly and Smike, and the schoolmaster and his dying pupil, would put £1,000 at least into his pocket.

At Christmas 1843, Jeffrey was the recipient of an autographed copy of the *Carol*. He read it with unbounded admiration. "Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens! . . . We are all charmed with

your *Carol*, chiefly, I think, for the genuine *goodness* which breathes all through it. . . . The whole scene of the Cratchetts is like the dream of a beneficent angel in spite of its broad reality, and . . . Tiny Tim, in life and death, almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. . . . Well, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good and . . . prompted more positive acts of beneficence by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom since Christmas 1842." And Jeffrey ends by prophesying that Dickens "will sell three times as many of this moral and pathetic *Carol*" as of his "grotesque and fantastical Chuzzlewits."

In 1844 Dickens sought Jeffrey's permission to associate his name over the baptismal font of a "new-come boy," Dickens's third son. "If such a thing," wrote Jeffrey in reply, "is indeed in your contemplation, it would be more flattering and agreeable to me than most things that have befallen me in this mortal pilgrimage. . . . I want amazingly to see you rich, and independent of all irksome exertions; and really, if you go on having more boys (and naming them after poor Scotch plebeians), you must make good bargains and lucky hits."

The music of *The Chimes* was well attuned to Jeffrey's sensitive ear. From the meeting with Will on the street, his tears flowed and ebbed at the bidding of the novelist. The "opening chorus of the churchgoing wind" was for him "full of poetry and painting," and "the meeting of Trotty and Meg very sweet and graceful." But he disliked the Alderman and his "twaddling friends." When, however, Will and Lillian come on the scene, all is delicious—"the vision as well as the reality." Jeffrey was impressed with the "stern and terrible pictures of (the visionary) Will and the child," with the "angel sweetness of Meg," and the "expiating agony of poor Lillian." Further, he tells Dickens that "the delicacy with which *her* story is left mostly in shadow, and the thrilling pathos of both her dialogues with Meg" are beyond the reach of any pen but the novelist's own.

Jeffrey preferred the soft and tender characters to the humorous and grotesque. "I have always," he writes to Dickens in January 1847, "thought Quilp and Swiveller great marvels of art; and yet I should have admired the last far less, had it not been for his redeeming gratitude to the Marchioness." And Jeffrey was loud in praise of the "actual dying of . . . sweet Paul in the summer sunshine of the lofty room." Writing again on 5th July of the same year, from Craigcrook, Jeffrey styles himself Dickens's "Critic Laureate," and owns to an obligation to present the novelist with a gift on the appearance of each new work. "But," he continues, "your births come so fast, that my poor hobbling chronicle cannot keep up with them; and you are far more prolific of bright inventions than I can afford to be of dull remarks. . . . I am proud that you should thus shew us new views of your genius, but I shall always love its gentler magic the most; and never leave Nelly and Paul and Florence for Edith, with whatever potent spells you may invest her. . . . I am prepared, too, in some

degree, for being softened towards Dombey; for you *have* made me feel sincere pity for Miss Tox, though, to be sure, only by making her the victim of a still more hateful and heartless creature than herself; and I do not know where you are to find anything more hateful and heartless than Dombey. . . . Perhaps I hate Carker even more . . . I think him the least natural of all the characters you have ever exhibited."

Jeffrey attributes to Dickens "the force and the nature of Scott in his pathetic parts without his occasional coarseness and wordiness: and the searching disclosure of inward agonies of Byron without a trace of his wickedness." After a year and more of silence Jeffrey informs Dickens (5th November, 1848) that they "must not grow quite out of acquaintance. . . . For the sake even of decent consistency, you must really take a little notice of me now and then, and let me have some account, as of old, of your health and happiness—of your worldly affairs, and your spiritual hopes and experiences—of your literary projects and domestic felicities—your nocturnal walks and dramatic recreations—of the sale of cheap copies, and the conception of bright originals—of your wife and children: in short, your autumn migrations and winter home—of our last parting, which was more hurried than usual."

During the last two years of his life Jeffrey was in ill-health, and from Craigcrook, where he was staying in July 1849, he writes to Dickens rather a doleful letter. "I have been very near dead, and am by no means sure that I shall *ever* recover from the malady which has confined me mostly to bed for the last five weeks." No matter, he must tell Dickens that, living or dying, he retains for him, "unabated and unimpaired," the same cordial feelings of love, gratitude and admiration "which had been part of his nature, and no small part of his pride and happiness for twenty years." Yet he hopes to see the novelist's "bright eye" and clasp his "open hand" once more before the final separation.

The last of Jeffrey's published letters to Dickens, and what in all likelihood was his final epistle (he died three weeks later), is dated 6th January 1850. The novelist had written to him in the previous month, enclosing a copy of *David Copperfield*, and he acknowledges the "kind letter" with "a thousand thanks." As for the "sweet, soothing *Copperfield*," he has just read it. He is attracted by the scene in which Agnes figures. In Traddles he sees "much promise"; but Uriah is "too disgusting," and he would be content to hear no more of the Micawbers. Jeffrey finishes with a sentiment that must go straight to the heart of every Dickensian. "There can never be too many Dickenses in the world."

The novelist was "stunned" by the death of so genuine and discerning an admirer. "Jeffrey," he wrote, "was a most affectionate and devoted friend to me." Nor was this the language of convention, for Dickens, as we have seen, not only connected the name of his "Critic Laureate" with his own over the baptismal font, but put it on "a memorable little page."

II.

Henry Cockburn, who wrote Jeffrey's biography, was also attracted by the genius of our novelist, and his name will be always associated with that of his colleague on the Bench of the Court of Session in the early popularisation of Dickens in Scotland. Though never intimate with the novelist, Cockburn was a diligent reader of the novels, and in his " Circuit Journeys " are flattering references to them. Cockburn was convinced that, Shakespeare and Scott excepted, no writer had " fancied and wrought out so many original characters " as Dickens.

And his praise was combined with intelligent prophecy. After reading, while travelling from Dumfries to Edinburgh, a political treatise by Lord Brougham, he took up *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The effect of the change was magical. He notes it thus in his journal : " Who could be anything else than dull when reading him (*i.e.* Brougham) implied not reading Dickens ! This man seems likely to do in novel-writing for England what Scott has done for Scotland." Cockburn's analogy, I must say, is not apt. Scott essentially was a portrayer of the past, Dickens as notably a painter of contemporary life and manners. Cockburn continues : " Dickens has opened a new era in the art. All his works are excellent, but Nell has set this one above them all. What a beautiful conception and how beautifully executed ! " Quilp he dubs " a London Caliban," doubting if there is anything in nature to justify so strange a monster.

What, however, chiefly drew Cockburn to Dickens was the " warmth and sincerity " with which he " uniformly encourages right principles and good affections, not by vague or grandiloquent declamation, but by adhering to truth and nature." Consequently, no one rejoiced more then he over the fact that 45,000 copies of *Master Humphrey's Clock* were sold weekly. " Very honourable to Dickens," he writes, " and very good for the public." Yet Cockburn thought it bad for a man of genius to be fettered to the performance of a weekly task, notwithstanding the chains were of gold.

In the spring of 1842, while on circuit in the Highlands, Cockburn read *Barnaby Rudge*, appropriately enough, since a portion of the novel was written in the shadow of the Grampians. His judgment was unfavourable. *Barnaby Rudge* appeared the least admirable that Dickens had produced so far. Cockburn summed up the hangman with his professional jokes as " disgusting and unnatural." In Scott's " Quentin Durward " there were a couple of hangmen, but they were managed much better. Still, Cockburn regarded *Barnaby Rudge* as excellent in its way, a novel of which the author had no reason to be ashamed.

III.

It is, I think, valuable testimony to the universality of Dickens's appeal that he should have moved the obdurate heart of Thomas Carlyle, who was temperamentally very different. Yet so it was. Carlyle knew Dickens for thirty years, and the friendship on his part

grew into " more and more clear discernment of Dickens's rare and great worth as a brother man : a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just and loving man." His first sight of the novelist was in March 1840, when he met him at a dinner party at Lord Holland's. Afterwards the Sage of Chelsea sent an inimitable thumb-nail sketch of the youthful Dickens to his brother John Carlyle. " He is a fine little fellow—Boz, I think. Clear, blue intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common-coloured hair, and set it on a small compact figure, very small, and dressed *à la* D'Orsay rather than well—this is Pickwick. For the rest, a quiet, shrewd-looking, little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are."

Invited to a dinner to celebrate the completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Carlyle, while professing to have found in Dickens " a real music of the genuine kind," excused himself from attending. He preferred to show his appreciation in some other way than " dining out in the dog-days." Carlyle probably relished the man more than his works. He seems to have seen Wilkie Collins's " The Lighthouse," for he compares Dickens's " wild picturesqueness " in depicting the old lighthouse keeper to a figure in one of Poussin's pictures in the National Gallery. And once, at all events, he attended a Dickens public reading, though it was " to the complete upsetting " of his " evening habitudes and spiritual composure." But there were compensations. " Dickens does it capitally," he writes, " such as *it* is ; acts better than any Macready in the world ; a whole tragic, comic, heroic theatre visible, performing under one hat, and keeping us laughing—in a sorry way, some of us thought—the whole night. He is a good creature, too, and makes fifty or sixty pounds by each of these readings."

While Carlyle was quick to perceive and not slow to express those aspects of Dickens's genius which he did not like, he sincerely mourned the passing of the great novelist. " It is an event world-wide ; a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct ; and has ' eclipsed,' we too may say, ' the harmless gaiety of nations.' No death since 1866 (Mrs. Carlyle's) has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an Honest Man."

Carlyle's enthusiasm was reciprocated. According to Percy Fitzgerald, Dickens almost venerated the Scottish sage. " I would go at all times farther to see Carlyle than any man alive," he is reported to have said. And when *The Chimes* was finished, Dickens expressed a wish to Forster " to inflict the little story on Carlyle . . . with my own lips . . . My design is to walk into Cuttris's coffee-room on Monday 2nd of December (1844) in good time for dinner . . . Carlyle indispensable, and I should like his wife of all things ; *her* judgment would be invaluable." Mrs. Carlyle, two years previously, had declared that Dickens's face was " as if made of steel."

Dickens's admiration for Carlyle strengthened with the years, and he took pains to acquaint himself with his writings. In one respect he found the Scots author lamentably ignorant. The novelist writes: "By the bye, I observe, reading that wonderful book, the *French* Revolution again, for the 500th time, that Carlyle, who knows everything, don't know what Mumbo Jumbo is. . . . Carlyle seems to confound him with the common Fetish: but he is quite another thing. He is a disguised man."

And what of Mrs. Carlyle? It is plain that Dickens had even more faith in her literary judgment. It was his opinion that "none of the writing women came near her at all." Jane Welsh Carlyle supplied Dickens with the subject for a novel. The happenings in a house near her own in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, were suggested by various incidents —the condition of the blinds, the cabs at the door, the visitors admitted or rejected, the furniture delivered or removed—these, and the evolving of the truth from trifling bits of character, led Dickens captive, so much so that "the terrible shock" of Mrs. Carlyle's death made him think of the unfinished novel—"no one now to finish it."

IV.

If Dickens never met Sir Walter Scott, he certainly foregathered with his son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart. The intimacy began one December evening in 1837 when, as Lockhart tells us, he dined at "Mr. George Cruikshank's to meet Mr. Dickens *alias* Boz." Dickens says Scott's biographer liked him. If so, Lockhart's liking did not extend to the novels. So much we gather from a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, written in 1847. After reading "Jane Eyre," Lockhart was emphatic in declaring Charlotte Brontë "far the cleverest" that had written "since Austen and Edgeworth were in their prime." Then he adds: "Worth fifty Trollopes and Martineaus rolled into one counterpane, with fifty Dickenses and Bulwers to keep them company."

How Dickens regarded Lockhart is shown in a letter he wrote to Wills in 1863. The novelist asks his friend and co-worker to tell Mrs. Linton that in "looking over her admirable account" of Mrs. Gordon's "Memoir of Christopher North," he had expunged the references to Lockhart, "not because I in the least doubt their justice, but because I knew him and he liked me, and because one bright day in Rome, I walked about with him for some hours, when he was dying fast, and all the old faults had faded out of him, and the now ghost of the handsome man I had first known, when Scott's daughter was at the head of his house, had little more to do with this world than she in her grave, or Scott in his, or small Hugh Littlejohn in his." Dickens winds up puzzlingly by saying that Lockhart had been anxious to see him all the previous day (when he was away on the Campagna), and that as they walked about the novelist saw that his companion "knew very well why." Lockhart talked of getting better, but Dickens never saw him again.

V.

The mention of Lockhart brings instinctively to the recollection the name of his co-partner in making " Blackwood's Magazine," a terror to all who did not conform to its literary standards—John Wilson, better known by his pen name of " Christopher North." At the memorable public dinner to Dickens in Edinburgh in June 1841, Wilson proposed the novelist's health, hailing him as " perhaps the most popular writer " now alive, as the genius who had " struck out for himself an original path in literature," and had " shed a lustre and beauty over paths which before were supposed to be barren and desolate." All Scotsmen, he added, felt for " Mr. Dickens " sentiments of " kindness, affection, admiration and love."

Later in the evening, Dickens proposed the health of Christopher North, and drew a charming word-portrait. " Who can revert," remarked the novelist, " to the literature of the land of Scott and of Burns without having directly in his mind . . . that old man of might with his lion heart and sceptred crutch—Christopher North. I am glad to remember the time when I believed him to be a real, active, veritable old gentleman that might be seen any day hobbling along the High Street with the most brilliant eye . . . and the greyest hair in all the world, who wrote not because he cared to write . . . but who wrote because he could not help it. . . . I had so figured him in my mind ; but when I saw the Professor two days ago, striding along the Parliament House, I was disposed to take it as a personal offence. I was vexed to see him look so hearty, I drooped to see twenty Christophers in one. I began to think that Scottish life was all light and no shadows."

Another speaker at the dinner was Sheriff Gordon, Christopher North's son-in-law. " A very masterly speaker indeed, who ought to become a distinguished man," said Dickens of him. The Sheriff became an intimate friend, and, when in the south, regularly visited the novelist. Writing from the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, on 27th November, 1861, Dickens mentions that after dining with Gordon on the previous day, he had gone with him " right into and among the ruins of the fallen building. . . . They were still at work trying to find two men (brothers), a young girl, and an old woman, known to be all lying there." The " fallen building " referred to by Dickens was a tenement in the High Street of Edinburgh which suddenly collapsed, burying its thirty-five inmates in the ruins. The building now occupying its site, which is on the north side of the street, a little below the Tron Church, is known as the " Heave Awa' Lads," its curious name perpetuating the words used to encourage his rescuers by a boy who was buried in the debris. Dickens was fascinated by the strange spectacle, and wrote : " On the walls two or three common clocks are still hanging ; one of them, judging from the time at which it stopped, would seem to have gone for an hour or so after the fall. Great interest has been taken in a poor linnet in a cage, hanging in the wind and rain high up against the broken wall. A fireman got it down alive, and great exultation has been raised over it. One

woman, who was dug out unhurt, staggered into the street, stared all round her, instantly ran away, and has never been heard of since. It is a most extraordinary sight, and of course makes a great sensation."

VI.

Prominent also in the Edinburgh circle of Dickens's friends was James Ballantine, the stained-glass artist, but better known as the writer of the song "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew," and of two books with much local colour in them—"The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" and "The Miller of Deanhaugh." Peter Fraser, of whom more presently, speaks of "the leal-hearted, large-hearted, kind-hearted Jamie Ballantine." His name, we are told, was a household word, and his very presence carried with it the sunshine of goodness, generosity, and geniality. Lord Cockburn used to say that, when troubled or depressed, Ballantine's presence at Bonaly made sunshine and a "perfect cure." Moreover, Ballantine was a humorist of the pawky order and a born story-teller; in short, a man after Dickens's own heart.

Ballantine regularly attended when the novelist read his works to an Edinburgh audience. On one occasion he was unable to gain admittance to the hall, but was not to be beaten. Dickens tells us that Ballantine "had a seat behind the screen, and was nearly frightened off it by the 'Murder'." In 1856 he published an edition of his poems, dedicating the volume to Dickens in the following stanzas:—

"Dear friend, whose genial mind
And graphic pen
In joy and sorrow bind
Thy fellow-men.

Whose heart hath in its core
Humanity!
This gift—would it were more—
I offer thee."

Ballantine wrote the "Life of David Roberts, R.A.", whom Dickens also much esteemed. Born in Stockbridge, Roberts began his career as a painter of scenery for the theatre, and though he developed into an artist of a much higher kind, he never lost his interest in stage scenery. This was, in fact, the link between him and Dickens. "Oh, my dear Roberts," writes the novelist in February 1851, "if you knew the trouble we have had and the money we pay for Drury Lane for one night for the benefit, you would never dream of it for the dinner." Later, Dickens asks Roberts to paint a scene showing the streets of London in the reign of George I, which his friend "could do in no time." The performance, which was to aid the funds for a "Guild of Literature and Art," included a comedy by Lytton, "Not so bad as we seem," and a farce by Dickens and Lemon, entitled *Mr. Nightingale's Diary.*

While in Rome in 1853 Dickens walked and smoked and drank punch with Roberts, who was painting in St. Peter's. The artist presented the novelist with his picture "The Simoom," which was acknowledged thus: "I am more obliged to you than I can tell you for the beautiful mark of your kindly remembrance. . . . I shall set it up among my household gods with pride." In another letter to Roberts, Dickens excuses himself for not attending the Lord Mayor's banquet. He writes: "Entertaining a strong opinion on the subject of the City Corporation as it stands, and the absurdity of its pretensions in an age perfectly different, in all conceivable respects, from that to which it properly belonged as a reality, I have expressed that opinion on more than one occasion, within a year or so, in *Household Words*. I do not think it consistent with my respect for myself, or for the art I profess, to blow hot and cold in the same breath; and to laugh at the institution in print, and accept the hospitality of its representative while the ink is staring us all in the face."

VII.

Few admirers of Dickens are aware that he might have been one of the Parliamentary representatives for Edinburgh. In 1868 he was approached on the subject by Alexander Russel, the famous editor of "The Scotsman." While flattered by the invitation, he felt it his duty to decline. His reasons are given in a letter addressed to F. D. Finlay, and written from Gad's Hill on 4th October. "I have a great respect for your father-in-law and his paper, and I am much attached to the Edinburgh people. You may suppose, therefore, that if my mind were not fully made up on the parliamentary question, I should waver now. But my conviction that I am more useful and more happy as I am than I could ever be in Parliament is not to be shaken. Do tell Mr. Russel that I truly feel this mark of confidence, and that I hope to acknowledge it in person in Edinburgh before Christmas. There is no man in Scotland from whom I should consider this suggestion a greater honour."

Macvey Napier, who succeeded Jeffrey in the editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," is on the list of Dickens's Scottish correspondents, though he hardly can be classed as an intimate friend. The relationship began with a letter from Dickens, complaining that the reviewer of *American Notes* in Napier's magazine had represented that the novelist crossed the Atlantic as a missionary in the cause of international copyright—a statement which Dickens characterised as "lies," and which was rectified in the way he himself suggested. Dickens, however, acquitted the editor "of anything but kind and generous intentions," in proof of which he desired to write for the "Edinburgh Review." In September 1843, he asks Napier if he will allow his magazine "to come out strongly against any system of education based exclusively on the principles of the Established Church." If so, he craved space in which to make clear that the Church Catechism is "wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great

eligious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and nderstandings of the dangerous classes of society."

Two years later, Dickens informs Napier that he could write " a retty good and a well-timed article on the Punishment of Death, and ympathy with great criminals, instancing the gross and depraved uriosity that exists in reference to them, by some of the outrageous hings that were written, done, and said in recent cases. The editor f the " Edinburgh Review " must have approved, for in November, 845, Dickens writes " bitterly regretting being obliged to disappoint nd inconvenience you."

VIII.

Another prominent figure of Victorian Edinburgh for whom Dickens ad a warm affection was Peter Fraser, of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company. On 1st May 1863, he was entertained o a public dinner in the Royal Hotel, on the occasion of his leaving the ity to reside in Stirling. About a hundred gentlemen were present. Dickens was among the invited, but sent the following letter of pology, which is taken from a privately-printed pamphlet in the possession of Mr. C. E. S. Chambers. The novelist writes to James Ballantine :—

" You may be sure that no slight circumstances would keep me away from a celebration in honour of our dear old friend, Peter Fraser. He is associated in my mind—as in the minds of all his friends—with so much that is genial, humorous, pathetic, pleasant and good, that he is a special man indeed, and any festivity in remembrance of him is a special occasion. But it happens, unfortunately for me, that I read in London on the night previous to the dinner, and that I have also an engagement for the very day of the dinner. The latter, if it stood alone, I would certainly release myself from ; but immediately afterwards I read again, and immediately after that I have to preside at a public dinner before reading again. These rather heavy demands, added to my usual occupations, and a touch of neuralgia in the face (which always visits me in the spring), seem, view them how I will, to disable me from making a hurried journey to my dear old Edinburgh and back for the 1st of May. I confidently prefer my claim to you, however, to have the privilege conceded to me of being regarded as one of Peter Fraser's entertainers. To be excluded altogether from the occasion would be a real mortification to me ; for I love him, and have derived no common delight from his society. Accept my cordial thanks for your letter, and believe me, very faithfully yours, Charles Dickens."

This interesting letter, which I am enabled to quote in full through the kindness of Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, is evidently unknown to Dickens bibliographers. It was presented by Peter Fraser to Mr. Chambers's grand-aunt, Janet Chambers, wife of Henry Wills, joint-editor with Dickens of *Household Words*. Mrs. Wills was a sister of Robert Chambers, whose book " Traditions of Edinburgh " Dickens read during his stay in the Scottish capital in December 1861. He was

"so charmed" with the work that, as he informed Wills, he was obliged to write the author and say so.

But to return to Peter Fraser. At the dinner his health was proposed by William Chambers, of Glenormiston. Fraser was the welcome guest at every table, the man who imparted a charm to every assemblage he honoured with his presence. His winning manners, his skill and taste in vocal melody (Dickens speaks of his "enchanting Scotch songs"), his unquenchable humour, his readiness in repartee, his knowledge of painting and sculpture—all these were alluded to. At a later stage of the proceedings Ballantine read a poem which he had composed entitled, "Auld Reekie's Benison to Peter Fraser," the first verse of which ran :—

> "O wha a parting plaint will weave me,
> Or frae this coming dool reprieve me,
> My callant Peter's gaun to leave me
> To pine and wither,
> And o' his leesome fun bereave me,
> His ain Auld Mither."

James Hannay, a brother novelist, and editor of the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," in proposing "English Literature," coupled with the toast the name of Dickens. "We do not need to tell in any company of Scotsmen," he said, "who was the writer to whom alone, in the extent of his influence over the world, Charles Dickens can be compared. . . . Since Scott there has appeared no other man who has commanded more of the attention of the reading classes of Europe who care about English fiction." Hannay then referred to the interesting fact that Dickens, in one of his prefaces, enumerates the creations of Smollett as among the earliest things that inspired him, and that when a boy in Rochester he used to pore over the novels of that accomplished Scotsman.

IX.

The mention a little time ago of Robert Chambers recalls another Scotsman, a native of Edinburgh, who was friendly with Dickens—Alexander Ireland. Chambers not only entrusted Ireland with the secret of the authorship of "The Vestiges of Creation" (divulged only to three persons), but employed him to avert suspicion while the book was going through the press. The secret was strictly kept for forty years when, the other depositories being dead, Ireland revealed it in a preface to the twelfth edition, thus setting at rest a host of groundless conjectures. An able journalist and man of letters, Ireland was the friend of Carlyle and Emerson and Leigh Hunt.

During the summer of 1847, Dickens, with a company of amateur comedians, chiefly writers and artists, gave two performances of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" for Leigh Hunt's benefit, by which £900 was raised, and in the following year the novelist solicited Ireland's help in a movement for the endowment of a perpetual curatorship of Shakespeare's house. This, however, had been preceded by a gift from Ireland of a critique by him (Ireland) of Leigh Hunt's works.

"I cannot praise it better or more appropriately," writes Dickens, "than by saying that it is in Hunt's own spirit, and most charmingly expressed." Then he alludes to Ireland's "Working Man's Life," a volume whose title attracted him. "There is great promise in it," he tells his correspondent.

I pass to Charles Mackay, author of "Cheer, Boys! Cheer!" When Dickens was editing the "Daily News," verses appeared in that journal from time to time under the general heading, "Voices from the Crowd." Some of the poems were set to music, and in that form became popular. Of one of them, "The Good Time Coming," four hundred thousand copies were circulated. Dickens thought highly of Mackay's gifts and encouraged him by frequent publication of his contributions. The only letter to Mackay that I have come across shows Dickens in his editorial capacity. "I have placed 'God's Acre.' The prose paper, 'The False Friend,' has lingered, because it seems to me that the idea is to be found in an introduced story of mine called 'The Baron of Grogzwig' in *Pickwick*. (Strange to relate, Dickens is here found nodding in regard to his own writings, for the story of the Baron occurs in *Nicholas Nickleby*, not in *Pickwick*). Dickens closes with a reminder to Mackay to "be pleasant with the Scottish people in handling Johnson," because he loves them—an injunction hardly necessary in the case of Mackay, a Scot of Scots.

With Charles Mackay's name I may link that of another journalist who had the friendship of Dickens. Eneas Sweetland Dallas, a Scot by descent if not by birth, studied under Sir William Hamilton, and, entering London journalism, joined the staff of "The Times" under the great Delane. When, in 1865, the Chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University became vacant through the death of William Edmonstoune Aytoun, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," Dallas aspired to succeed him. The Chair being in the gift of the Crown, he applied to Dickens (with whom he seems to have had some acquaintance) to introduce to the notice of the Prime Minister (Lord John Russell) a book which he (Dallas) had written, and which he hoped would assist his candidature. The work was in two volumes and entitled "The Gay Science of Art and Criticism." Dickens, ever ready to do a good turn, wrote to the Prime Minister as follows: "Mr. Dallas, who is a candidate for the Scotch professional chair left vacant by Aytoun's death, has asked me if I would object to introduce to you the first volume of a book which he has in the press with my publishers on 'The Gay Science of Art and Criticism.' I have replied I would *not* object, as I have read as many of the sheets as I could get, with extreme pleasure, and, as I know, you will find it a very winning and brilliant piece of writing. . . . I suppose Mr. Dallas to have some impression that his pleasing you with his book might advance his Scottish suit." Unfortunately, Dickens's intervention was not successful, the Chair being given to David Masson, who figured so prominently in the literary life of Edinburgh in the latter half of the Victorian era.

A Scottish friend, who preferred Dickens the man to Dickens the novelist, was Sir Archibald Alison. Having a partiality for what he

called " elevating romances," Sir Archibald frowned upon novels that dealt with the foibles of middle-class and low life. Still, he was a very remarkable man, and won literary fame by his ten-volume " History of Europe."

This was the personage who entertained Dickens when, towards the close of 1847, he visited Glasgow for the purpose of presiding at the opening of the Athenæum. Of Alison, who was then Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Dickens wrote to Forster from Edinburgh. " We came over this afternoon, leaving Glasgow at one o'clock. Alison lives in style in a handsome country house out of Glasgow, and is a capital fellow, with an agreeable wife, nice little daughter, cheerful niece, all things pleasant in his household." Then Dickens adds something less pleasant. " I went over the prison and lunatic asylum with Alison yesterday."

Since Alison's " History of Europe " was one of the publishing successes of Blackwood, I may recall that one of those who paid their rsepects to Dickens when he was staying at the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, in November, 1861, was William Blackwood. " A very good young fellow " is Dickens's description of him, and we may assume that it was unbiased, considering that " Blackwood's Magazine " had stigmatised *Little Dorrit* as " twaddle." Dickens, as he tells us, " was sufficiently put out by it to be angry " with himself " for being such a fool," and then pleased with himself " for having so long been constant to a good resolution, not to draw any attack upon myself."

X.

I have kept Dr. John Brown to the last. Disparagement did not come easily to the genial author of " Rab and his Friends," yet he found it in his heart to utter some pungent criticism of Dickens as man and author. When Forster's Life of the novelist came out he stuck at the second volume, being angry with Dickens as well as his biographer—" Dickens so hard and exacting in his egoism, so self-centred, his falsetto pathos, his caricature run mad, and, above all, his conduct to his wife." But this estimate, it is pleasant to think, rather conflicts with another passage in the good Doctor's correspondence, where he refers to the " unique genius " of Dickens and the " strong though grandiose talent " of Forster. Yet he disliked what he styles the " personal essence of both men. . . . Dickens was at the core hard and egoistic intensely," he writes. But while Dr. John Brown could not re-read the novels, he was convinced that Dickens was " infinitely a greater genius in the true sense " than the " poor, soft-hearted, great-natured Thackeray." Than *Little Dorrit*, he thought, " nothing more Dickensish could be, in good and bad."

Such was Rab's estimate of Dickens. What was the novelist's view of Rab ? Once at a private dinner party in Edinburgh, Dickens told of the deep impression made on him by the conduct of a young Scottish doctor at Chatham during the cholera epidemic. The novelist described the doctor's remaining with a poor woman whom all had deserted, ministering to her to the end, and then, overcome with

ıtigue, falling asleep, and being still asleep when in the morning the ouse was entered. One of the party exclaimed, " That is Dr. John Brown ! " And to give a finishing touch to this Dickensian story, as vell as an agreeable flavour to the end of this article, I will add that it vas told in Dr. John Brown's presence.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER

DURING the days of his fame Dickens no doubt often experienced shocks, pleasant or otherwise, due to some acquaintance of his outh again crossing his path. We are familiar with the case of Maria Beadnell turning up after a lapse of years as Mrs. Winter; lately Count de Suzannet has acquired a letter of Dickens to a certain Louis D'Elboux, at that time living at Regents Bank, Millbrook, Southampton, which caused Dickens to look back with pleasure over a span of a quarter of a century when he was a boy of twelve years living in Somers Town and attending Mr. Jones's Wellington House Academy n the Hampstead Road. D'Elboux was probably a schoolfellow, but his name has not occurred in any of the reminiscences of Dickens's school days, and we have no record that any friendship was renewed after the interchange of most agreeable letters. This is what Dickens wrote :

1 Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regents Park,
Twenty-fourth November, 1849.

My Dear Louis,

I have had great pleasure in the receipt of your letter. I am sure you wrote it in the spirit you explain to me ; and that in its earnestness and sincerity is above all price.

Your account of your happiness in life is quite delightful to me. It cannot be very far short of a quarter of a century since I saw or heard of you ; but it is so difficult to realise that passage of time in a heap, that when I come to your mention of two children I was quite as much amazed as if, instead of having eight of my own, I hadn't one.

My father and mother are alive and very well. They shall see your letter, and I daresay one of them will answer for both of them, that they are generally steady in London the whole year round. Fanny my eldest sister died (poor girl) last September twelvemonth. All the rest are living and married and doing well.

In the fine time of the year I make flying expeditions about the country pretty often. It is not at all improbable that one of these may bring me one summer day to Southampton for half an hour. If that should ever come to pass I shall present myself before you (but not as of yore, in a Russian jacket and a soldierly young cap) and try if you know me.

All happiness and good wishes be with you and all yours.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

Louis d'Elboux, Esqre.

As I write your name, I wonder whether this will find you still sitting over an immense copper-plate. 'Your hair will have recovered from that fever you had—and fallen off again, perhaps—by this time.'

Dickens's mention of himself as dressed "in a Russian jacket and a soldierly young cap" recalls that in *David Copperfield* there is reference to a tea-tray in Peggotty's boat-house, on which was a painting of a lady with a parasol taking a walk with "a military-looking child trundling a hoop." We have seen such pictures in books, if not on trays, but a search for such to illustrate this letter has proved unavailing. Perhaps some reader can help.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

"... the delights of London society were fully enjoyed by all three. These sufficed for the bride and her sister, but not for my father. Alone, or with Charles Dickens as his guide, he visited prisons, hospitals, asylums, taking note of all he saw. Finding that he greatly desired to visit the 'thieves' quarter' of London, Dickens arranged matters with the proper authorities, and the two friends went together. . . .

'Tuesday, 30th (May, 1843).

'People have been very kind to us—we have one or two engagements for every day this week, and had three dinners for one day, two of which we were, of course, forced to decline. We had a pleasant dinner at Dickens's on Saturday—a very handsome entertainment, consisting of all manner of good things. Dickens led me in to dinner—waxed quite genial over his wine, and was more natural than I ever saw him—after dinner we had coffee, conversation and music, to which I lent my little wee voice! We did not get home until half-past eleven . . .'

"It may have been at this dinner that my mother thoughtlessly addressed her husband as 'darling.' Instantly Dickens was on his back on the floor, partly under the table, waving his legs in the air, and crying, 'Did she call him darling?'"—"Samuel Gridley Howe," by Laura E. Richards. (Appleton.)

* * * * *

"The sympathetic element in humour may be easily realized if the prose fiction of Charles Dickens is considered. He is usually most deeply humorous when the characters or the situation are most moving."—"A Guide to Poetry," by R. L. Mégroz. (Pitman.)

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DICKENS'S LITERARY CRAFTSMANSHIP

"*On observation*: For observation means not only a power of noticing things, but of noticing significant things. Dickens has been praised often enough for being able to remember all the names of the shops in a street he had once passed through. A remarkable feat—but I have sometimes wondered if he observed those other things as well: what the sky looked like, and how the sunlight struck

the roofs of the houses. This seems to me false observation, observation of the things that matter least.

" *On humour* : . . . to imagine that Dickens was instinctively and effortlessly funny as soon as he put pen to paper is as absurd as to imagine that 'Adonais' was written without corrections. Trying to be funny is an experiment, and all experiments are dangerous: but even to most austere and dignified of essays is equally dangerous and equally experimental. The mood, however, must come before the theme. I feel that this is true in spite of the old stories of the tragedy behind the clown's mask, and the *Stroller's Tale* in *Pickwick*.

" Few people are honest enough to admit the multiple imperfections of Shakespeare. In every work of art, however great, are elements only born to die. All the novels of Dickens are deserts scattered with magnificent oases.

" Pathos is one of the moods that cannot be deliberately cultivated. Deliberate pathos leads straight to sentimentality—to Green Soap. Dickens works himself into a passion of grief over Little Nell and little Paul Dombey—and I for one invariably skip their respective death scenes. Pathos is so subtle that it can only be attained by the use of great artistic restraint.

" The metaphor, even more than the simile, is the property of the poet. It is found elsewhere only in prose of an emotional type, in prose which has usurped the functions of poetry. If it is not poetical, it is facetious and strained, as it is so often in the works of Dickens."—"Literary Craftsmanship and Appreciation," by Ronald Fuller. (Allen and Unwin.)

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ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH

" Long words may also be used so as to raise a laugh. It is funny to hear a sorry specimen of a horse called a 'quadruped,' or an indifferent rider termed an 'equestrian.' Dickens was very fond of this device. Instead of saying that Mr. Pickwick was ready, he tells us that he 'had made his preliminary arrangements,' and rather than call a horse skinny, he explains that it displayed 'great symmetry of bone' . . .

" So too the system of punctuation employed by Charles Dickens is, in many respects, one that is peculiar to himself.

" *Figurative language* : Dickens, wishing to tell his readers that Scrooge was a solitary man, could have said as much and stopped there. That, however, would by no means have suited his purpose. He desired to do much more than state the bare fact in the fewest possible words. His aim was to convey the truth of Scrooge's solitariness in a way so emphatic and picturesque that his readers would be impressed, and so remember it. So he said that 'Scrooge was as solitary as an oyster.'

" Dickens was very fond of personifications, and almost any page of his will give good instances.

" *Kinds of composition* : Writing falls into two classes—reproductive and creative . . . When Dickens wrote *A Child's History of England* he was reproducing facts that were already known and narrating events that had already happened. When he wrote *The Pickwick Papers* he was creating characters and situations that were entirely new. In one book he wrote about Charles I, and in the other about Sam Weller, but Sam Weller belongs much more intimately to Dickens than Charles

does, for he is the product of the author's imagination, and but for him would never have existed." —" Essentials of Modern English," by F. H. Pritchard. (Harrap.)

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AMERICAN FOOD

" The influence of Mrs. Trollope (' Domestic Manners of the Americans ') has been traced in the unflattering pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and in *American Notes*, which appeared about a decade later, particularly in the matter of our meals, their brooding silence and breakneck speed. Charles Dickens also travelled westward by steamboat and canal boat and saw them not as craft carrying a nation to empire, but in terms of discomfort and of crowded quarters.

" By his own account Dickens encountered good food in America, from the ' capital dinner ' in Boston to the ' comfortable breakfasts ' he found on Eastern steamboats, but no details reveal what dishes pleased him on these occasions. Instead, he specifies the items of the bleak canal boat supper of his Western journey, when ' Everybody sat down to tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black puddings and sausages.'

" ' Will you try,' said my opposite neighbour, handing me a dish of potatoes, broken up in milk and butter, ' will you try some of the fixings ? '

" Dickens interpolates this by way of illustrating the quaint American use of the word ' fix,' and goes on to elaborate its many forms, but the modern reader snatches at the episode with gratitude, revealing as it does that at least one civil person passed the stranger a dish, even though Dickens recounts only that the meal was disposed of ravenously, that ' the gentlemen thrust the broad-bladed knives and two-pronged forks further down their throats than ever I saw the same weapons go before, except in the hands of a skilful juggler.' "—" Our Food Habits changed by Time," by Catherine Mackenzie. (" New York Times Magazine," February 24th.)

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" UNCLE TOM'S CABIN "

" Mrs. Stowe sent early copies . . . with letters to leading Englishmen whom she knew to be interested in the anti-slavery cause. Among these were Prince Albert, the Duke of Argyll, the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury, Lord Macaulay and Charles Dickens. . . . Prince Albert not only read his copy but got his wife, the Queen, to read it with incalculable results. Lord Carlisle wrote the Preface for an early British edition, while Lord Macaulay reviewed it. ' If I might suggest a fault in what has so charmed me,' wrote Dickens, ' it would be that you go too far and seek to prove too much.' "—" Saints, Sinners and Beechers," by L. B. Stowe. (Nicholson and Watson.)

" THE DICKENSIAN " IN A PAGEANT

At the March meeting of the Boston Branch seventeen characters emerged from huge books up stage and paraded before President Landers, who sat dreaming on the left. Following a host of well-remembered characters came *The Dickensian* itself, in green paper gown and inkpot hat with a quill. After this review President Landers, Miss Swain, *The Dickensian*, and Oliver Twist " received," and refreshments, music and sociability rounded off the evening.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE'S LODGINGS

WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF

By GWEN MAJOR

WE have never been able to say: "Here Captain Cuttle lodged; here both Walter and Florence came to find him; this is the scene of the MacStinger washing days and these are the stones on which Alexander MacStinger cooled off!"

We may never be able to point so precisely; the house itself may never have existed, or may be a recollection which Dickens had of a type peculiar to a special locality. That Dickens had a spot for those lodgings very definitely in mind, however, and the way there, becomes more certain as one studies the London of a hundred years or so ago and some of the facts surrounding Dickens's childhood.

One clear indication of the locality is given in Chapter IX of *Dombey and Son*—"the India Docks," and a nautical flavour prevails the whole way there.

The more familiar one becomes with the Thames side below the Tower, so much the more easily can one dream oneself back into other days. The reason for this is not obvious; beyond a few old roofs there is little left that is picturesque from the "architooroolooral" aspect; a queer drabness abounds and when work has ceased a sense of inactivity and an emptiness in the streets is more noticeable here than in the still more empty courts and alleys of the City at those times. It may, indeed, be that the grip and mystery of the sea is upon these parts, for everywhere there is evidence of trades that go down to it. Dickens himself noted one of its strangest features—the ships that seem to be wedged up the streets and houses that seem to have gone afloat. That is an illusion which has not changed since his day, but whereas great cinemas, garages, power stations and so on now wait upon those who wait upon the sea, in Dickens's day the absorbing interests were ships and sailors.

I will quote the well-remembered passage from *Dombey*, describing the way to Captain Cuttle's lodgings, and in the facts afterwards outlined, draw conclusions for my theory.

> "Captain Cuttle lived on the brink of a little canal near the India Docks, where there was a swivel bridge which opened now and then to let some wandering monster of a ship come roaming up the street like a stranded leviathan. The gradual change from land to water, on the approach to Captain Cuttle's lodgings, was curious. It began with the erection of flag staffs, as appurtenances to public-houses; then came slopsellers' shops, with Guernsey shirts, sou'wester hats, and canvas pantaloons, at once the tightest and the loosest of their order, hanging up outside. These were succeeded by anchor and chain-cable forges, where sledge hammers were dinging upon iron all day long. Then came rows of houses, with little vane-surmounted masts uprearing themselves from among the scarlet beans. Then, ditches. Then, pollard willows. Then, more ditches. Then, unaccountable patches of dirty water, hardly to be descried,

for the ships that covered them. Then, the air was perfumed with chips; and all other trades were swallowed up in mast, oar and block making, and boat building. Then, the ground grew marshy and unsettled. Then, there was nothing to be smelt but rum and sugar. Then, Captain Cuttle's lodgings—at once a first floor and a top story, in Brig Place—were close before you."

Between 1800 and 1828 London's five big docks came into existence. In 1810 the Commercial Road was completed between Whitechapel and the two furthermost of these, the East and West India Docks, which had been cut out of the Poplar Marshes on the north of the Isle of Dogs. These Marshes were remarkable for ditches and besides the poplar, for a tree often "pollared" or cut, probably the willow. When Dickens was a boy of eleven, in 1823, Limehouse Church on the south of the Commercial Road and not far from where that road forks to serve the East and West India Docks, was almost on the marshland.

Before 1810 the main thoroughfare from the Tower to the riverside hamlets of Wapping, Shadwell, Stepney and Limehouse was the famous Ratcliff Highway, now St. George Street. St. George's, Wapping and St. Paul's, Shadwell, flank this highway, then and until comparatively recent years teeming with evil little shops, courts and alleys which were the haunts of sailors ashore.

The Dickens family came to London in 1822-23, and Charles then began those visits to his godfather, Christopher Huffam, which seem to have delighted him no less than the boy, since neighbours were called in to hear the young Charles sing. In those days the recently-made docks and Commercial Road would have been very real matters of interest and conversation to those concerned in shipping.

Christopher Huffam lived just behind Limehouse Church, at No. 5 Church Row, as had his father and grandfather before him. Solomon Huffam, father of Christopher, had had a staveyard over the river (and thereby hangs another tale for another day !), while Christopher Huffam, Rigger to H.M. Navy, ship's chandler and contractor, had only to go down Church Row and Three Colt Street, not five minutes walk, to his sail loft or place of business at No. 2 Garford Street, practically opposite Limehouse Hole, which is now covered by the Aberdeen Wharf.

Imagine the little Charles Dickens, born at Portsea, living till he was nearly eleven years old at Chatham, his father in the Navy Pay Office, making his way alone towards Limehouse, past shops full of wares for seafaring men, past iron, chain and cable forges, ropeyards that had their beginnings from earliest days when Limehouse was but a lime kiln and dock backed with groves of trees, past mast, oar and block makers and timber yards in plenty, tall-masted ships upon the river and off it, and sailors, sailors everywhere, a very colony of old sea captains, Jack-tars and their families. The Isle of Dogs and Rotherhithe across the river were especially notable as the haunts of retired or otherwise out-of-commission captains. And so we come to Captain Cuttle. That he had one neighbour at least in his own

profession is to be noted in Chapter XV of *Dombey*, when the " ardent skipper not quite sober, who lodged opposite " joined in a chorus with Captain Cuttle at the top of his voice.

It is generally supposed that Captain Cuttle attended Limehouse Church, " which hoisted the Union Jack every Sunday "—and why not ? The church lay behind the Huffam's house, only, as the Rev. J. G. Birch remarks in " Limehouse Through Five Centuries," it was apparently the White Ensign they hoisted, a difference the little Charles might not have noticed at that early age. But what other church in all that part was so likely to hoist a flag at all on Sundays !

It is not difficult to suppose that Captain Cuttle looked in at Christopher Huffam's sail loft in Garford Street. " If so, why not ? Therefore——"

The West India Docks on the Isle of Dogs were not a minute's walk along Emmett Street from that loft.

Between 1800 and 1805 a canal was cut across the Isle of Dogs just south of the West India Docks, which was meant to save ships the otherwise long way round, and called the City Canal. It was three-quarters of a mile across, had a lock and swivel bridge at either end giving out to Blackwall and Limehouse Reaches respectively, and the narrow strip between each lock and swivel bridge, in conjunction with near-by houses, would doubtless give ships the appearance of "coming up a street." Around these docks and the canal, wastes of ditch and marsh still lay, although when Dickens was a boy those who concerned themselves with ships were creeping round the sea wall of the Isle of Dogs and along the High Street of Poplar to the north, which was beginning to change from tree and windswept marsh to bricks and mortar.

" On the brink " of this " little Canal " I am inclined to conclude No. 9 Brig Place could have been seen, " where there was a swivel bridge which opened now and then to let some wandering monster of a ship come roaming up the street like a stranded leviathan," where shipbuilding was going on close by and marsh and ditch lay all around, as facts to be read of the times make clear. Although Brig Place had to be within walking distance from old Sol Gills, it was apparently a good way off. I found it took fifty minutes to walk from Leadenhall Street to the entrance of the Canal on the Limehouse side.

The City Canal was widened and converted into the South West India Dock in 1870 ; the swivel bridges were reconstructed so recently as 1929. No. 9 Brig Place is still the sort of address one might expect here and can easily be imagined. There was nothing peculiar about it beyond its having a first floor which was " at once a top story." It is not possible now to trace from present surroundings what houses existed at either end of the Canal, for now it is only entered from the West India Docks in the centre, and roads pass over the sites of the swivel bridges, with high fences blocking the Canal from view. Some old houses and gardens, however, now reached through a narrow passage out of a cul-de-sac behind the City Arms at the Limehouse end, give a very good idea of what might have existed at either end, and, in fact, might have been there then, for one in particular has most

curious and extensive cellarage, obviously extremely old. I have not had an opportunity of tracing this by their leases, and felt it not worth while, since these houses although now heightened, seem never to have been only two stories high.

A coloured print in the Port of London Authority of the City Canal from the Blackwall Reach, dated 1802, shows houses on the river's edge ; it is even rumoured that Raleigh lived over there near to a very old and apparently natural dock. Street directories of the Cuttle period also show habitation down to and below the Canal entrance on the Limehouse Reach side.

Whatever way Captain Cuttle came from old Sol Gills' in Leadenhall Street, I am sure it was the way that little Charles Dickens took—

whether by the then nearly new Commercial Road, or the old, old Ratcliff Highway. To this day " flag staffs, as appurtenances to public houses " may be seen along these highways. By either he would reach Church Row, and changing from Charles Dickens visiting his godfather, to Captain Cuttle in fear of Mrs. MacStinger, would continue by Three Colt Street and Emmett Street, to Bridge Road and the little City Canal just south of the West India Docks. Whether he made for the swivel bridge giving on to the Limehouse Reach, or crossed to the north of the docks—perhaps not coming *via* Church Row, but from Limehouse Church, keeping straight on by the footpath which led to the marshes and by a sharp southerly direction reached the swivel bridge giving on to the Blackwall reach, I don't pretend to say. This latter way would accentuate the marsh, ditch and pollard tree impression, and ended in a shipyard where the air had been " perfumed with chips " even before Pepys' day. But all the way by Limehouse was equally so perfumed, and the " dirty patches of water " could as easily be descried from either end.

When we also consider that rum and sugar formed the bulk of the West India cargo dealt with in the early days of the West India Docks, need we look further for that Captain who knew only too well how to prepare for the visit of his friend Bunsby ?

The City Arms at the west entrance of the South West India Docks (formerly City Canal) probably exists to this very day to nurse that comforting aroma ; there are, doubtless, washing days as hot and fierce as any waged by Mrs. MacStinger between her chapel goings—probably, since she went a long way for them, somewhere towards Mile End, as that way lay the Maritime Almshouses, a likely attraction for her !

One feels that Captain Cuttle may come bolting round a corner at any minute in full sail before the MacStinger craft, or that one might even see that sight " which let it for ever be a warning " : the Bunsby wedding procession.

Would that we could really find the great-hearted Captain himself—down in Limehouse it seems quite possible.

The ships have mostly changed to steamers, and other trades are elbowing out the sea trade by which Britains never, never, never shall be slaves. For all that, much remains which little Charles Dickens saw through the Captain's eyes, and an indefinable something hovers down that riverside way, full of the ghosts that grew into books.

IF DICKENS RETURNED

THIS was the theme of two Birthday celebrations in America last February, one in New York, the other in Winnipeg.

In New York Mr. Thomas F. Mulholland, in proposing the toast of the Immortal Memory, took for his subject that of the children, and in his conclusion said that if Dickens were present in spirit that evening, he might give us a message, that was at once an invitation and a challenge. In our minds' ear, we might hear him speak thus :

" Good friends, I am proud of your steadfast allegiance and, if immortal, am still sufficiently human to appreciate your devotion to me.

" An onlooker on life's struggles, I no longer see ' as in a glass darkly ' but realise clearly and fully how much more I might have accomplished on earth. My sole concern now is to inspire others still alive, and I look especially to you, my dear friends, to continue the good fight.

" I plead with you, to extend the sphere of your influence and activities. How much more good might be carried out by two hundred zealous souls battling for right ! What an asset to the community it would be to have a Fellowship in every town and in each an eloquent and appealing Wilson to turn ' Scrooges ' into ' Pickwicks.' It is excellent for Fellowship members to meet regularly and discuss my works, and dwell indulgently and charitably on my merits and ability ; it is a beautiful tribute to ' Tiny Tim ' to make one crippled child happy at Christmas, and in other unnumbered ways you gladden my soul with your true charity. But I accept your words and deeds as an earnest of your will to be progressively social-minded in every

truth and act. I urge you to be individual centres of healthy discontent with wrongs affecting the children of your day. You have a vast field wherein to labour, but first make yourselves active participants in every movement having for its aim the welfare of the child. Acquaint yourselves at first-hand with the living and working conditions of the poor. See the difficulties their children have to face with such scant promise of a bright adult life as to engloom even their years.

" As long as there are human habitations threatening the lives and morals of their inhabitants, as long as homeless and destitute youths tramp the countryside, and children of tender years are engaged in miscalled gainful occupations, as long as Fagins entrap unformed minds making their possessors habitual criminals while still in their teens, and factories and sweatshops perpetuate the slavery of their employees, as long as schools continue to assume that the inpouring of information necessarily leads to the formation of sturdy characters and good habits, and public institutions are found continuing the malevolent practices of ' Oliver Twist's ' first abode, and as long as want and unemployment stalk through the land, so long will you find work to do in abundance—work that will often bring you heartaches and criticism, but work that will insure a lasting merit and satisfaction.

" My friends, in all hopeful confidence I ask you—' Will you take up my torch and go forward, unfaltering and unafraid ? ' When next you come to honour my birthday, if not a single word is spoken, but if each brings a deed as an offering, I will be thrilled with the thought that, in memory of me, you have done something in your day to atone for what I left undone in mine. And when your time comes to face eternity, you will face it gladly and light of heart, for transfigured into the likeness of little children whose cause you have espoused, you will be welcomed by the greatest Child-Lover of all into the Ever-Ever Land of the Happy Child."

At Winnipeg Charles Dickens and his son, Captain Francis Dicke s of the Royal North-west Mounted Police, made a dramatic entry. Dr. W. T. Allison, speaking to The Immortal Memory, was saying :

" Would it not be an outstanding event in all our lives if immortal Charles should fulfil the desire of our hearts and appear before us and speak to us at this hour ? "

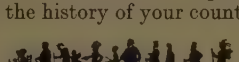
When Captain Francis Dickens appeared in the garb of a Mountie of fifty years ago, and presented his father, amid the breathless silence Mr. Colin Ashdown as Dickens said :

" Much has been written about my attacks upon various kinds of social injustice and about my championship of the oppressed in Victorian England. I was bound up with the life of my day and because of my sympathy with the poor, I beheld the necessity and opportunity for alleviating human suffering on every side. My readers think I was very sympathetic with the toiling poor, but I know now, in the light of eternity, that I was not half sympathetic enough.

" But I rejoice that the world is a far, far better place ; people in general are far, far kinder than they were in my time. I do not know

where in all Canada you could find a school or hospital harbouring a Squeers or a Sairey Gamp to-day.

"According to your Premier, Mr. Bennett, whose radio addresses have reached far higher than the stratosphere, there are a good many Bounderbys in your country, but I am confident that Mr. Bennett, heartily supported by Mr. King and by all Members of Parliament, will pass legislation so humanitarian, so beneficent, so Christian, that in time to come the year 1935 will be recognised as marking the beginning of a new era in the history of your country."



A MOST INGENIOUS DEBATE

A DEBATE with the somewhat startling title, "Dickens is a greater writer than Shakespeare," was held at the Palace Hotel, London, on Wednesday, 13th February. Mr. J. H. McNulty opened the discussion.

It was an evening of surprises. The Chairman, Mr. T. W. Hill, announced that Mr. L. P. Bonnet, who was to have expounded the cause of Shakespeare, was prevented by sickness from being present, and that Mr. John Henry would take his place. The Opener then made a fierce attack on Shakespeare, showing all his faults. Shakespeare in his tragedies covered the stage with corpses. If he had written *A Tale of Two Cities* not one of the group of English persons would ever have reached England alive. His characters were exaggerated and full of inconsistencies. From all these faults Dickens was free. After quoting Juliet's words on the supposed death of Romeo (Act III, Scene 2), a passage containing many unhappy puns, he compared it with the old grandfather's sorrow at the death of Little Nell. Had Dickens followed Shakespeare's example he would have written something like this:

"Is poor Nell dead? then let the bell be toll'd,
And on the midnight air with doleful sound
Let there be rung a *knell* for Little *Nell*;
A mighty *knell* for *Nell* who was so small,
For *Nell* whose height was scarce more than an *ell*.
If she still live, 'tis well, or if not, no;
For *Nell* or *knell* makes all my weal or woe."

If Dickens had written thus he would never have been forgiven but all faults are overlooked in Shakespeare.

Mr. McNulty then left the stage to fetch Mr. John Henry, then himself returning took his stand on the other side of the Chairman and spoke for Shakespeare. He based the claim for the superiority of the poet on the unrivalled power and beauty of the passages of pure poetry in the plays. Mr. Hill explained that it had been impossible to find an opponent at short notice and so Mr. McNulty had consented to take both sides. The discussion that followed was on a very high level. The speeches and voting were almost solidly for Shakespeare and go far to prove that the Dickens Fellowship is a literary and a learned society.

[I thank Mr. J. H. McNulty for sending me this account of the most ingenious debate ever staged.—EDITOR.]

A Drawing by Thackeray said to have been made at St. James's Square in 1836, representing Dickens, the Artist himself, Daniel Maclise, and Francis S. Mahony, sold at the Ogden Goelet Sale in New York, January 1935.

SECRETS

By W. A. BURTON

IT is not the intention of this article to endeavour to elucidate the mystery of Edwin Drood; that has been attempted by many clever writers, but is destined to remain a mystery for all time.

Yet there are matters about which most of us would like to know more than Dickens told us.

What sort of a man was David Copperfield's father? We really know nothing about him, but presume that he lived in the country on the small annuity that he bought, a reversion of a part of which went to his widow. Mrs. Copperfield did not seem to be a person of great ability, so probably David inherited his talents from his father.

What was Miss Betsy Trotwood's married name? We never hear what it was, but there is little doubt that it was Babley; and that Mr. Dick was a near relation of Miss Trotwood's husband.

We are not told the hour at which Mr. Trundle and Miss Wardle were married, but it was sometime in the morning. There was a wedding breakfast afterwards, and then

> "at dinner they met again, after a five-and-twenty-mile walk, undertaken by the males at Wardle's recommendation to get rid of the effects of the wine at breakfast."

Now we should like to know how, amongst others, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman managed to walk twenty-five miles after the wedding breakfast, and before dinner. Say that they did three and a half miles an hour on the average, this pedestrian feat would have taken seven and a half hours, and there is nothing in the pictures of the first editions of *The Pickwick Papers* to lead us to think that these two gentlemen were at all athletic. Dickens would have made nothing of a twenty-five-mile walk, and one can only suppose that he imagined his characters could do likewise.

Who were the parents of the Marchioness? In Chapter 51 of *The Old Curiosity Shop,* when Quilp visited Sampson Brass's house in St. Mary Axe, he interviewed the Marchioness, and we are told that he "looked at her, covertly but very narrowly," and that "the result of this secret survey was that he shaded his face with his hands, and laughed slyly and noiselessly until every vein in it was swollen almost to bursting." Further, "once in the street, moved by some secret impulse, he laughed, and held his sides and laughed again, and tried to peer through the dusty area railings, as if to catch another glimpse of the child, until he was quite tired out."

Now what did this mean? One comes to the conclusion that Quilp made a very shrewd guess as to her mother. Is it very wide of the mark to think she was Miss Sally Brass?

Perhaps mystery is a strong word for it, but certainly Dickens's knowledge of cricket was remarkable, as shown in his description of the famous match at Muggleton. Two quotations are all that are

necessary. It will be remembered that Muggleton took first innings and that when " All Muggleton had notched some fifty-four, the score of the Dingley Dellers was as blank as their faces." Short of both sides batting at once it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. Later, " the advantage was too great to be recovered . . . and in an early period of the winning game Dingley Dell gave in, and allowed the superior prowess of all Muggleton." It is possible, however, that such pusillanimity was not unknown at that period of the game's history. No doubt the research of our cricket historians can provide a parallel.

It is all the more curious in that the match takes place in Kent, one of the most famous nurseries of the game. Dickens had lived in Kent several years, must have seen many cricket matches, and had he seen fit to describe cricket in one of his later books, he would have done so with his accustomed accuracy.

Many of Dickens's most famous creations are known to the world by their surnames or Christian names only. All Dickensians, I am sure, would have liked to know the surname of the immortal Fat Boy, and many other things about him. Did he ever grow " up " (it is to be hoped that he did not grow " out " any more), and, if so, what was the rest of his life ?

Maggy in *Little Dorrit* was certainly Mrs. Bangham's granddaughter, but we do not know that she was a Bangham.

Yet another unsolved mystery is the surname of Biddy in *Great Expectations*, who stood in the remarkable relationship to Mr. Wopsle of being his great aunt's granddaughter.

A third category of mysterious characters are those mentioned without any name, or designated by some kind of nickname. Mrs. F's Aunt stands at the head of this class—a masterpiece ; closely followed by Trabb's boy, Deputy, Sloppy, and many others. What was the name of the boy who said " Walker " to Scrooge, but eventually made the never-to-be-forgotten purchase of the turkey.

On the other hand, there are scores of famous characters whose Christian names never appear. Miss Flite, Mr. Turveydrop the Elder, Grandfather Smallweed, Mr. Jellyby, Fagin (possibly Christian name is not the correct phrase in this case, but had he any other name ?), Durdles, Miss Mowcher, Mrs. Crupp, Barkis, Mrs. Gummidge, Uncle Pumblechook, and Miss Skiffins, a glorious company, to name only a few of them.

What about the eccentric Mr. Dolloby, who bought poor David Copperfield's " little Weskit," saying " he should rob his family if he was to offer ninepence for it " ? Was there no other name than Dolloby over his shop ?

" The young sallowish gentleman in spectacles, with a lumpy forehead," who caused such a profound sensation at Mr. Podsnap's dinner party by twice saying " Esker " to the foreign gentleman, and then stopping dead, is a character, who, as G. K. Chesterton says, will always be remembered, although he only makes this one appearance. But we know neither his Christian name nor surname.

THE FLEET, 1828: BRIXTON, 1935

THE PRISON SCANDAL THAT STILL EXISTS

By OWEN CARROLL

IN the Preface to *The Pickwick Papers*, nearly one hundred years ago, Dickens wrote these significant words: "... the laws relating to imprisonment for debt are altered; and the Fleet Prison is pulled down."

As far as it goes, that statement is historically correct. No longer are men, women and children condemned to languish for the term of their natural lives in pestilential dens such as the Fleet, the Marshalsea and the King's Bench, which Dickens's trenchant pen has pictured so vividly. But since the late 'sixties when the "laws relating to imprisonment for debt" were last amended, not one clause, paragraph, sentence, or comma has been disturbed; nor a word added that might bring those same laws into line with the requirements of changed social conditions and new social problems, never anticipated by the worthy Victorian reformers who demolished the evil old Fleet and curtailed the odious activities of Mr. Namby.

Prisons for the confinement of debtors stud the length and breadth of England's green and pleasant land to-day, their bleak walls and heavily-barred windows proclaiming to heaven the indecent fact that *Poverty* is still a punishable offence. Thus we find, in this year of grace, large-scale offenders comfortably secure beneath the bankruptcy act's protecting wing, whilst their humble and less fortunate brethren (solely on account of poverty, and for no other reason) are subjected to pains and penalties scarcely less severe than those which Justice visits on convicted criminals.

At the present time some 20,000 persons—comprising 40 per cent. of the entire prison population—lie under lock and key for "contempt of court," which means in plain English that most of them have been unable to obey a county court judgment or to pay a fine imposed by a court of summary jurisdiction. Their number also includes people committed to prison in default of the payment of rates, affiliation and maintenance orders, etc.

Yes, "the Fleet Prison *is* pulled down": but in its stead an equally massive and ugly jail stands on Brixton Hill, behind the grim doors of which hundreds of hapless minor debtors are incarcerated every year. Not only is their liberty impounded; not only are they deprived of employment or the possibility of employment; not only does an oppressive "cat-and-mouse" process of repetitive terms of imprisonment render them powerless to pay the original debt (on which is hung an ever-increasing mill-stone of "costs"); but their actual imprisonment is served under harsher, more punitive conditions than those which the existing penal code prescribes for society's worst enemies.

When the departmental committee set up to inquire into imprisonment for debt, duly issued a report urging far-reaching and humane reforms, at long last it seemed that some measure of practical

relief might be expected for these 20,000 unfortunates. The Home Secretary, however, has sounded the death-knell of their hopes by brushing aside the departmental committee's report with an almost Podsnapian flourish. So the laws relating to imprisonment for debt remain as they were in the year 1869, and judges and magistrates throughout the land are debarred from lifting a finger to ameliorate the plight of the poorest and least blamable section of the debtor class.

That so unjust a state of affairs can be tolerated—let alone supported—in the twentieth century reproaches our common humanity; and is exactly the kind of glaring social abuse which, if he were alive now, Dickens would denounce with all the fiery indignation and eloquence at his command. Compare the lot of the debtor inmate of Brixton (or, for that matter, any other prison which accommodates debtors *as well as remand prisoners awaiting trial*) with that of Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet one hundred years ago; and presently you may doubt if, after all, the nineteenth century really is as far behind this enlightened age on the road of social progress as some complacent persons imagine.

In Brixton in 1935 *all* prisoners (without distinction) are governed by the ordinary prison regulations—foremost among which is the "Silence" rule. True, this unnatural restriction of human speech is not enforced as rigidly as if was even ten years ago, but prisoners may be (and are, every day) punished if not for talking, for "disobeying an order" to stop talking!

In Brixton in 1935 the debtor must spend twenty-two hours and three-quarters out of every twenty-four in solitary cellular confinement. In Brixton in 1935 the chief privileges (apart from wearing his own clothes and, if he can afford the extortionate charges, buying his own food) are: one letter per diem, and visits of fifteen minutes on every week-day *at the discretion of the prison authorities.*

I have yet to learn, however, that in the Fleet in 1828 any embargo was placed on Mr. Pickwick's tongue; nor was he mewed up in a dreary cell less pleasantly appointed, less airy, and much less comfortable than that which a Dartmoor convict inhabits. Within the precincts of the jail, we are told, he could (and did) walk where he listed and converse with whom he chose. Moreover, his friends might visit him *privately*, at any hour within reason. In Brixton in 1935 debtors interview their visitors in a species of horse-box and are obliged to bawl their conversation through thick wire-netting, what time a warder patrols up and down listening to every word that passes.

After witnessing the degradation and misery of his fellow-prisoners, good Mr. Pickwick exclaimed: "My head aches with these scenes, and my heart, too." Yet how much more sadly and bitterly would his kindly heart ache if his place of confinement were a debtors' prison in 1935 instead of the Fleet in 1828! In the Fleet he was cast among wastrels, spongers, victims of legal sharp practice, and men ruined by their own improvidence or the vindictive vengeance of others. But in Brixton he would be thrown into contact—constant and unavoidable—with the scum of the underworld—bandits, thieves, violent criminals,

ıd others on remand awaiting trial at the Old Bailey or the London ɛssions.

In place of the human, if squalid, comradeship which obtained nong the "Collegians" of the bad old Fleet, Mr. Pickwick would ɛathe the unspeakably sordid atmosphere of habitual crime. His ıly refuge from this would be a bare cell, plunged in darkness unctually at 9 p.m. He would find himself stripped of his identity— umbered and labelled like a pawnshop pledge, and forced to obey ıs keepers with the abject servility of a slave. He would have to ɛathe Heaven's free air in a barren yard, monotonously prowling ound and round a paved circle like some dismal tiger in a circus-ring. nd last, though not least, his sense of common decency would be utraged daily by sanitary arrangements as antiquated and pestiferous ; those which aroused the disgust of Mr. Charles Dickens in the year 836.

And until he found the means to pay up, and so purge his contempt, e would be periodically returned to that miniature hell upon earth— ıst as 20,000 persons annually are returned to it in this twentieth ɛntury of education, enlightenment, and Christianity.

Commenting on the social conditions which made Mr. Pickwick's ıcarceration legally possible, Dickens ironically observed some nirty years afterwards: "It may be discovered that there are even ıagistrates in town and country, who should be taught to shake ands with commonsense and justice . . . . that prison doors should e barred on the outside no less heavily and carefully than they are arred within."

It may be discovered, likewise, that there are legislators and even abinet ministers at the present time who would be the better for haking hands with Charles Dickens. For his ideal of commonsense nd social justice is the only true foundation-stone on which we may ıope to build a wiser and a better world.

DICKENS'S LIBRARY*

WHAT books did Dickens and Thackeray possess in their libraries? Lovers of these two great writers will now be able to learn the answer o this question through the reprint of the sale catalogues of their ɔooks which Messrs. Sotheran have just issued.

Readers will see here the varied tomes with which these men stocked heir shelves, and were eagerly purchased when they came into the narket and found their way into the libraries of collectors the world ɔver.

It was indeed a happy thought of Mr. Stonehouse to resuscitate hese old catalogues, for they make very interesting reading. The ɔrices realised at the Sales are marked against each item and seem to ıs to-day absurd in their cheapness compared with prices of books from the libraries of modern authors.

This book is a most welcome addition to Dickensiana.

W. M.

* Catalogue of the Libraries of Charles Dickens and Wm. Thackeray. Edited by J. H. Stonehouse. Piccadilly Fountain Press, 25s. net.

WHO SAID THIS?

1. Jolly.
2. Janet-Donkeys.
3. Make an effort.
4. I'm a mother myself.
5. I'm a lone born creetur.
6. She's a rum 'un is natur'.
7. It's of no consequence.
8. You're a brimstone chatterer.
9. Overhaul your catechism.
10. We 'ope you leg well soon.
11. Gone to the demnition bow-wows.
12. Put it down a we, my lord.
13. I know their tricks and their manners.
14. Waiting for something to turn up.
15. The wind's in the east.
16. I wants to make your flesh creep.
17. Terewth, the lamp of heaven.
18. Get hold of portable property.
19. This is the right shop for morals.
20. I'll eat my head.
21. On the ram-page.
22. I'm very 'umble.
23. When found, make a note of.
24. My life is one dem'd horrid grind.
25. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms.
26. You're a humbug.
27. Who doniges of it?
28. Ain't I volatile.
29. Discipline must be maintained.
30. It can't be tasted in a sip.
31. Not to put too fine a point upon it.
32. Tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly.
33. There's milestones on the Dover Road.
34. Aquiline, you hag.
35. See the hangman, when it comes home to him.
36. The wittles is up.
37. He's chock full of science.
38. The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it.
39. Manners is manners, but still your elth's your elth.
40. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart.
41. Hullo, my covey! What's the row?
42. A bachelor is a miserable wretch.
43. The drama is gone, perfectly gone.
44. Something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human gore.
45. A literary man—*with* a wooden leg—and all Print is open to him.
46. You look about you. *That's* the grand thing.

(*The Answers will be printed in the Autumn number.*)

THE ANCESTRY OF MRS. CHARLES DICKENS

By JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH

AS we approach the centenary of the marriage of Charles Dickens, it is appropriate to say something about the ancestry of his bride, which, in the present state of our knowledge, goes considerably further back than that concerning Boz himself. By marrying Catherine Thomson Hogarth, as he did at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, on April 2nd, 1836, Dickens brought himself into an interesting literary and artistic and musical group of people, including contacts with Burns, Scott, Campbell, and others. Her maternal grandfather, George Thomson (1757-1851), the well-known musical editor, had induced Burns to write a hundred and twenty lyrics. Her aunt, Christian Hogarth, married Scott's partner, James Ballantyne: her father, George Hogarth (1783-1870), knew Scott, and figures in Lockhart's life. The interesting careers of her father and her mother's father are well known, if only through the pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography." The Thomson descent was investigated in 1898 in "George Thomson, the friend of Burns," by Cuthbert Hadden (died 1914), who wrote the article on Thomson in the D.N.B., and more fully in 1912 by John Christie, the author of "The Lairds and Lands of Tayside," and other antiquarian books, in a pamphlet on "The Ancestry of Catherine Thomson Hogarth, the wife of Charles Dickens, novelist," which was printed in pamphlet form (8vo, pp. 19+[1]+cover+plate), by William H. Hay, Edinburgh, from the type used in the "Banffshire Journal," where it had appeared as an article. A copy of the pamphlet (one of the 250 copies printed) is in the British Museum. Much less is known widely about the Hogarths, though that family displayed more scholarly distinction than the Thomsons.

The first attempt to trace the Hogarth pedigree was made by F.M.S. in "Notes and Queries" on September 12th, 1868 (2 S. ii, 254-5). It is traced far more elaborately in a large single-sheet printed pedigree —anonymous and dateless—of which six copies are in the possession of the Society of Genealogists, together with some manuscript notes, some of them from the collection of the late Mr. Perceval Lucas. But as the Hogarths, at least in their early stages, were merely tenants and not owners of land, it is difficult to trace their origins with any degree of authority.

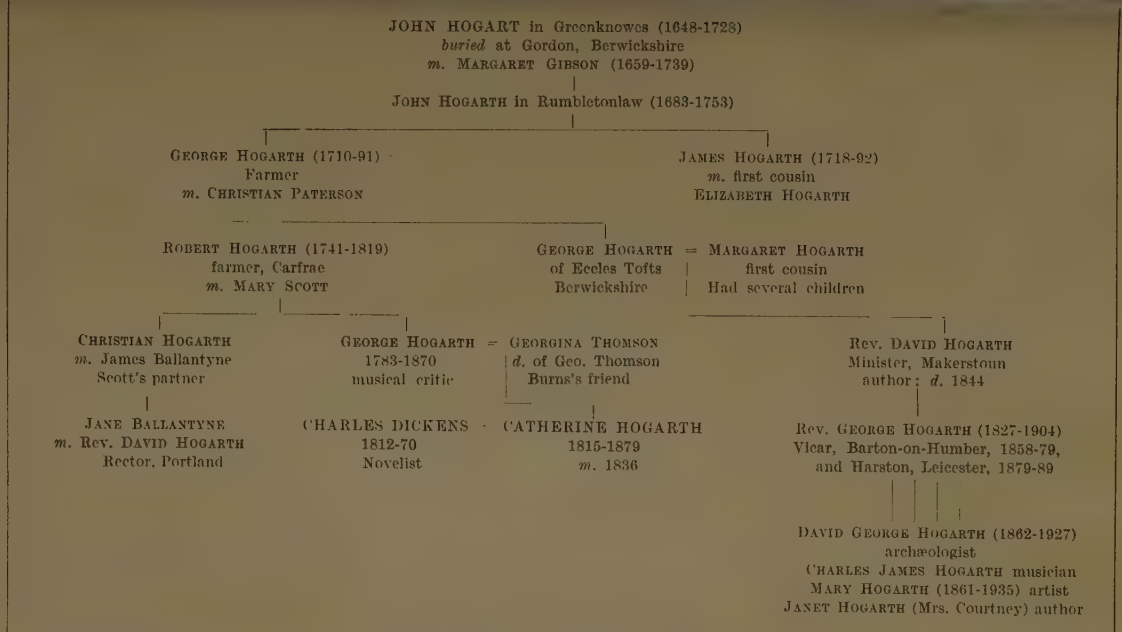
The name, which is spelt variously as Hogart, Hoggart, Hogert, Hoggert, Hugart, Hogard, Hoggerd, and Hogarth, is a Border one practically confined to Westmorland—the cradle of William Hogarth, the satirist's group: Cumberland, where the lands of Clifton were held by a group of the family from 1397 at least to 1868, when the squire, Mr. William Hogarth, was said in "Notes and Queries" to have made "a very extensive collection" of data about it: and the south of Scotland. While Berwickshire was their main cradle there,

they appear in Melrose and Stichill, in Roxburgh, and a few figure in Edinburgh, as will be found in the publications of the Scottish Records Society. There are four of them, dating from 1668 to 1687 in the Commissariat of Lauder, some of them in Stichill, and three of them in the Melrose baptismal register between 1727 and 1806. One branch of the Berwickshire group migrated to Aberdeen in the latter half of the eighteenth century as merchants, especially in the salmon fishing trade, and married into the county families, including the Forbeses and the Piries of paper-making fame, but they are now extant in the male line there. The Aberdeen branch inherited ability in being descended from George Jamesone (1588-1644), the first native British painter, through his daughter Mary, who married James Gregory, F.R.S. (1638-75), the well-known inventor of the reflecting telescope. To this branch of the Hogarths belongs Miss Ann Todd, the actress, who recently married Mrs. Langtry's grandson, Mr. Victor Neill Malcolm. By a curious coincidence, a short account of the Aberdeen Hogarths has just been given in " Scottish Notes and Queries " (April, 1935, pp. 55-56), by Mr. James Gibbon, Abberton Hall, Pershore.

Mrs. Dickens's family belonged to the Berwickshire Hogarths, being traced in the printed pedigree to a certain John Hogart (1648-1728), a farmer at Greenknowes, in the parish of Gordon, which was the cradle of the vast Gordon family who took their name from it. The point is interesting in view of the fact that Dickens exploited the amazing story of Lord George Gordon, the anti-Catholic rioter in *Barnaby Rudge*.

The descent of the Hogarths as affecting Mrs. Dickens and her distant kinsmen, notably the late Mr. D. G. Hogarth, the distinguished archæologist, is seen at a glance in the accompanying table.

The Hogarths were agriculturists, producing a farmer of great intelligence in the person of Robert Hogarth, the great-grandson of the first-known founder, who moved into the farm of Carfrae, in the parish of Channelkirk, Berwickshire, in 1769. He was so notable that the Rev. Archibald Allan, in his exhaustive " History of Channelkirk," 1900—which is tragically innocent of any index—devotes a good deal of space (pp. 416-420) to him, though he naively remarks : " We have heard it said that he was of the family of Hogarths which gave Charles Dickens his wife : but we have been unable to verify this assertion." As the table shows, Robert Hogarth was the grandfather of Mrs. Dickens. When he bore down on Carfrae, which was the property of the Tweeddale family, he astonished the natives with his improvements, introducing turnips, clover, the white-faced, long-woolled sheep of Northumberland, and, it is said, potatoes. In other words, he brought brains to bear on the art of farming. He was a man of great force of character, Mr. Allan telling some excellent stories about him, and he was sufficiently important when he died in 1819 at the age of seventy-eight, to justify a notice in the " Scots Magazine," which stated in its queer old way—" In the discharge of the duties of society he might well be termed exemplary. Of those that belonged to him as a master, a neighbour and a friend, the general



THE HOGARTH—THOMSON FAMILY

respect and sorrow of his vicinity afford the most unequivocal evidence. His surviving family have lost a head, and his exclusive circle of relatives a member of whom it may be truly said that his death was the first and only affliction he had ever occasioned them."

This recognition may have been due to the fact that his daughter Christian had moved into "literary circles" by marrying in 1816 Scott's friend and partner, James Ballantyne (1772-1833), the Kelso solicitor, journalist, and printer, who printed, in 1802, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" for Scott, who had been at school with him. Mrs. (Christian) Ballantyne's brother George, Mrs. Dickens's father, broke away from the farming tradition of the family by becoming a lawyer in Edinburgh, drifting, in 1831, into journalism and literature. It is unnecessary to trace George Hogarth's career here, for it has been done at some length in the D.N.B. His interest in music brought him into contact with the remarkable George Thomson (1757-1851), whose life is familiar.

The Thomsons were Linlithgow folk whose first associations with the professions occurred in the person of Robert Thomson (born 1830)—the son of a "baxter" (baker)—who became a schoolmaster. He started his career as such in Limekilns near Dunfermline. In 1762 he migrated north to the town of Banff to teach English. It was a very poor job, for the Town Council of Banff decreed on August 9th, 1762, that "each scholar learning to read English according to the new method shall pay 18d. stg. quarterly" (Crammond's "Annals of Banff," ii, 185). He took his wife, Anne Stirling, with him, and she died in Banff, January 16th, 1765, a fact probably unknown to Dickens when he gave a reading at Banff in 1858. Four months after the death of Anne, Thomson married Margaret Mavor, who was in the service of Lord Findlater. In November, 1772, Thomson, "teacher of the English school in the new method, sent in his resignation, as he is in hopes of obtaining a better situation." As a matter of fact, he lingered on in Banff till 1774, when he moved to Edinburgh, where he became a notary. By his first wife, Robert Thomson had a son, George (1757-1851), whose life was written by Cuthbert Hadden. Born in Limekilns, Fifeshire, Thomson was a friend of John Home of "Douglas" fame, and of Lord Cockburn, and will always be remembered for the fact that Burns wrote 120 songs for him, and that he edited a collection of songs, those of Scotland in six volumes (1793-1841), Wales in three volumes (1809-14), and Ireland in two volumes (1814-16). Raeburn painted his portrait and Carlyle thought him "a clean-brushed, commonplace old gentleman." His daughter, Georgina, one of twelve children, married George Hogarth, and had fourteen children, one of them being Mrs. Dickens, who was born and baptised in Edinburgh. One of Mrs. Dickens's uncles, David Thomson (died 1815), was a landscape painter, and her step-uncle, Keith Thomson (died at Inverness, 1855, aged 83), taught music for sixty-three years. Mr. Dexter tells me that Mrs. Dickens's grand-uncle, William Thomson, the younger brother of her grandfather, George Thomson, wrote a book called "Journies through Italy and Switzerland," which Macrone,

who published *Sketches by Boz*, issued in 1836. There is no copy in the British Museum.

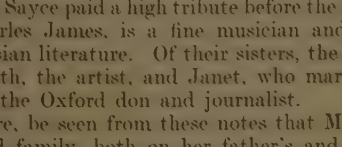
Another breakaway from the agriculturist tradition of the Hogarths occurred with David, the nephew of Robert Hogarth, the brainy farmer of Carfrae. David was doubly a Hogarth. His paternal grandparents were first cousins, both Hogarths, James Hogarth (1718-92) married Elizabeth Hogarth. His parents were also first cousins, George Hogarth, of Eccles Tofts, in the parish of Eccles, marrying Margaret Hogarth.

The Rev. David Hogarth moved into the adjoining county of Roxburgh in 1807 as parish minister of Makerstoun, five miles from Kelso, and here he remained till his death in August, 1844. So little has been done with the pedigree of the Hogarth family that Scott's "Fasti," which is a biographical dictionary of the ministers of Scotland, gives no account of his origin, beyond saying he came from Berwickshire. He contributed a very meagre account of Makerstoun to the "New Statistical Account of Scotland" (iii, 136-9), published in 1843. Scott's "Fasti," however, tells us that he was "a good scholar and in the last years of his life, though almost blind, was engaged in the study of the Greek Septuagint and a version of the New Testament in German." This taste came strongly out in his grandson, David George Hogarth, the archæologist.

The minister of Makerstoun's son, George (1827-1902), seems to have schoolmastered for a time, and, having gone to Edinburgh University, went on to St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. in 1852 and his M.A. in 1855. For some reason, unknown to his daughter—for he did not speak of his youth—Mrs. Courtney, in her "Recollected in Tranquillity" (1926), he left the Presbyterian Church and became an Anglican, being in turn a curate at Scarborough (1853-54), at Rowley St. Peter's (1854-5), at Hornsea (1855-7), and at Holy Trinity, Westminster (1857-8). He was vicar of Barton-on-Humber (1858-79), and then of Harston, Leicester (1879-89).

George Hogarth married Elizabeth Uppelby, a Scarborough woman, who bore him fourteen children in seventeen years, and yet lived to be 86. Their most distinguished son was David George Hogarth (1862-1927), who, besides being keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, was a very distinguished scholar and archæologist, to whose memory Professor Sayce paid a high tribute before the British Academy. His brother, Charles James, is a fine musician and a distinguished translator of Russian literature. Of their sisters, the best known were Miss Mary Hogarth, the artist, and Janet, who married the late Mr. W. L. Courtney, the Oxford don and journalist.

It will, therefore, be seen from these notes that Mrs. Dickens came of a distinguished family, both on her father's and on her mother's sides.



NEW YORK DICKENSIANS

Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the United States President, was a guest at the Birthday Dinner in New York, and responded to the toast proposed to her and her son by Mr. Reed, the President of the Branch. We print elsewhere a portion of the speech of Mr. Thomas Mulholland in proposing the Immortal Memory. Master Freddie Bartholomew, who has won so much praise for his fine performance in the film of *David Copperfield*, was also present, and delivered a fine speech for one of his years, showing remarkable self-possession.

* * * * *

At the Ladies' Night of the New York Branch in April, Mrs. Georgie E. B. V. Wood, Vice-President, who has entertained us so delightfully in the past, presided. Dr. James H. Brice was nominated for President for the ensuing season. Miss Augusta Huiell Seaman spoke on "Children's Books in Dickens's Time and Now." She stated that the old books of one hundred years ago were tedious, didactic and dreary; that there is no record of Dickens having wasted his time on them, and that he brought about an amazing revolution in the style of books written for children. Miss Edith H. Smith's subject was "The Other Side." Once before she had given us a humorous address on the old maids in Dickens, but now she would tell us of the old bachelors, for Dickens had a tender spot in his heart for them and had given us memorable portraits of Mr. Peggotty, Joe Bagstock, Captain Cuttle and Mr. Bunsby, among others. Indeed, Dickens had given many of his bachelors more lovable characters than his married men.

PRESENTATION TO MR. EDWARD F. PAYNE, OF BOSTON

Boston Common has witnessed many stirring scenes, but never a gathering of Dickens characters until just before our Birthday Dinner, when a group met to discuss the form of a gift to our Micawber, Mr. Edward F. Payne, who has relinquished the presidency. Sir John Chester suggested a silver bowl; Mrs. Camp a bottle; Mr. Pickwick a stone dug up on Boston Common with the inscription "Ed. Payne: His Mark"; Mr. Mantalini a flowered dressing gown; Dr. Manette offered to make him a fine pair of shoes; Bill Sikes advised a Boston bulldog; while Jingle favoured cash—and Jingle won the day. Accordingly at the dinner, Trotty Veck trotted in bearing a formidable document containing a cheque which, the illuminated scroll said, was to be taken to the city and disposed of as he saw fit. Mr. Hessey made the presentation happily, and Mr. Payne responded feelingly.

N. E. S.

THE DEXTER BUST OF DICKENS

A cast of the Dexter bust of Dickens, long owned by the sculptor's granddaughters, the Misses Douglass, has been presented to the Boston Branch by Miss Elizabeth P. Douglass, and now graces the Dickens Room in the Parker House. Mr. Edward F. Payne wrote an interesting article about the bust in *The Dickensian* for 1934, page 23, with illustration.

DICKENS ON SCREEN AND STAGE

By the Editor

I.

THE appearance in the short space of three months of four adaptations of Dickens's novels on the screen and stage, and the promise of more to come, has given a great publicity to Dickens and caused many a critic to set forth his views as to the suitability of his stories to dramatic treatment. The majority of the reputable critics voiced the old opinion that good plays could not be made out of Dickens's novels. They have formed the subject of many a successful play in the past, and I cannot for one moment believe that our dramatists of to-day are any less clever than those who wrote for the stage in the past, or that the generations that preceded us were any less keen in their appreciation of good drama.

The advance notices of the film companies continually emphasised the directors' sole aim to give complete satisfaction to the Dickensian, by which I take it to mean that smaller body of Dickens readers which takes a pleasure in re-reading him, hearing about him from every conceivable angle and may possibly even be members of the Dickens Fellowship. But the directors' aim should even be much higher, to capture the interest of the millions who have read and enjoyed the book; for if I may speak for Dickensians as a whole, my opinion after thirty years' association with them is that they enjoy witnessing any representation of scenes, characters and incidents from the writings of Dickens, which attempts to give them in visual form, a picture of what they read in the printed page. I do not agree with the critic who says that Dickens is only to be read and cannot be interpreted in terms of the stage or screen; although I am forced to admit that the best of Dickens's work cannot fittingly be construed in terms of either.

II.

And now, for the first time in my life, I find myself at issue with two very eminent dramatic critics.

Mr. Ivor Brown, in criticising the stage version of *Great Expectations*, produced by Sir John Martin Harvey as "The Convict," found fault with the authors for calling it an adaptation of the novel, and yet failing to include among the characters certain memorable figures. It was a pity the authors of "The Convict" did not announce the play as "Founded on" the novel. Mr. Ivor Brown's opinion of "The Convict" was that it "scarcely makes a good play by modern standards." He then goes on to give a masterly criticism of the play, adding a note to the effect that certain other characters should have been included. Now I do not see that these characters would do anything to help to improve the play; if they had been dragged in so as to put as much as possible of the book on the stage, then the result might have caused Mr. Brown to declare, not that the play was "scarcely" a good one, but most definitely a bad one.

Mr. James Agate in "The Sunday Times" goes still further. He is, indeed, a "whole-hogger." The only stage adaptation of Dickens that will please him is the whole book; nothing more or less; and because some characters from the book are entirely missing in the play, it cannot be a good play. It is a great tribute to Dickens that one cannot disassociate oneself from the book when seeing a stage or screen version of it. But surely it is the duty of a dramatic critic to judge a play as a play and not as an attempt to put the book on the stage. If the story unfolded by the adapter is all-sufficient to make it a good play, then the critic should say so; not blame him for leaving things out. The critic should endeavour to forget the book from which the play is adapted, and deal with the play as a play purely and simply. I am aware this would impose a great task on such a Dickens lover as Mr. Agate, but it is one of the difficulties a dramatic critic should overcome.

When I see "Saint Joan" I am quite satisfied with the little I see of Captain Robert de Baudricourt, who makes such a pother about eggs in the opening of the play. I am certain, however, that Mr. Shaw knows a great deal about him, but the history of this military squire and his various oddities are not likely to help the play, so Mr. Shaw (admittedly a good dramatist) does not include them; and as we know nothing about them we do not express any regret that we fail to hear more about that character. So, if Mr. Pumblechook does not say everything on the stage that he does in the book, the critic ought not to object, so long as he properly fills his place in the play.

Mr. Agate amazes me when he says, further, that one cannot take a part of a book and make a play out of it. To emphasise his argument he goes on to say that a play written round Mr. Dombey and certain other characters cannot be a good play unless certain other characters are introduced as well. One such character, which he instances, is Mrs. MacStinger. Well, all I can say is that a play about Mr. Dombey, Florence, Edith, and Mr. Carker (these are the characters chosen by Mr. Agate, and almost all-sufficient for a very good play) that dragged in Mrs. MacStinger would be a very bad play indeed, because that lady has nothing whatever to do with Mr. Dombey and would not in any way be helpful to a play constructed round him. But Mrs. MacStinger would, of course, be a glorious character to introduce into another play written round Captain Cuttle in which, perhaps, the lordly Mr. Dombey would be given quite a small part. Then Mr. Agate would, doubtless, complain the play was a bad one because all Mr. Dombey's matrimonial troubles were not included in it!

Candidly, I can hardly think Mr. Agate is serious when, in the same article, he enumerates some of the delicious little scenes from *Great Expectations* which he would like to see on the screen. "What could be better than five minutes of Mr. Wopsle's Hamlet, preferably the scene in the churchyard." Think of it—"five minutes"—five per cent. of the time usually allotted to a screen play devoted to one incident, in a film where, so we have been taught to believe, brevity

nd change of scene and incident are of paramount importance. What director would dare !

I pass with little comment the outburst of Mr. Sydney Carroll himself a producer of plays) in his column of " Film Notes " in " The Sunday Times," that the film version of *David Copperfield* made him curse the name of Dickens and consign all his works to Hades," calling the film " an extravagant exploitation of the famous novelist at his best—or worst—whichever way you like to take it."

The usually competent Miss C. A. Lejeune of " The Observer " I fail to take seriously, as in that paper she declares she would not see that film again " for all the tea in China " ; whilst, at the same moment, in " The Schoolmaster," she was recommending it " to anyone who loves his Dickens " as the most loyal screen representation of any Dickens novel ; a recommendation (hardly complimentary to her special readers perhaps) she failed to give in the more generally circulated newspaper.

Of course, the whole trouble with adapting Dickens for either the screen or the stage (both have their limitations) is that Dickens worked on so large a canvas and filled it to overflowing. It is, therefore, impossible to reproduce the whole of the incidents in the book by either medium. If any Dickens film is a failure it is due to overloading, and that is where the screen probably fails more often than the stage ; as the latter knows its limitations, and the screen has yet to learn them.

* * * * *

We are favoured with the following comments on the above :—

Mr. Ivor Brown writes :

Mr. Dexter is certainly right in criticising the critic who faults an author for failing where he never attempted to succeed. But, if a dramatist adapts a well-known book, he is surely in a peculiar position. Those who are fond of that book will inevitably seek for the objects of their affection in the stage-version. There is another point ; the plot of *Great Expectations* depends a good deal upon suspense and surprise. For the myriads who have read the book there can be no suspense or surprise. We know all about the convict. Therefore, in a stage version, it is not on the plot but on the portrayal of character by the dialogue and the players that the dramatist must mainly rely. To me, at any rate, Pumblechook and Wopsle, Wemmick and " The Aged," are far better company than Miss Havisham and Pip. We may have to put up with the latter to get the former, but it is an injudicious dramatist who offers to readers of *Great Expectations* a good deal of the latter and hardly any of the former.

Mr. James Agate writes :

You say : " Mr. James Agate in ' The Sunday Times ' goes still further. He is indeed a ' whole-hogger.' The only stage adaptation that will please him his the whole book ; nothing more or less ; and because some characters from the book are entirely missing in the play, it cannot be a good play."

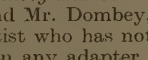
Between you and me, my dear sir, I don't care two hoots whether

a stage adaptation of a Dickens novel makes a good play or not. There are thousands of good plays; there are less than a score of good Dickens novels.

Also you've got me wrong—as they say on the films. I intensely dislike any stage adaptation of Dickens, and I hate the play-monger who puts a finger on them. Dickens was a novelist and not a dramatist. He knew of the existence of the theatre, and if he had wanted to tell his stories in play form he could and would have done so. Since the works of Dickens in book form are easily available, I see no reason for putting them on the stage except that some scoundrel wants to make money out of them.

Let me see if a simple analogy will help. Say that I dislike a cheap reproduction of Tintoretto's Last Judgment. It is understandable that I should disapprove still more of a reproduction which left out half the figures? The point is of first-class importance for the reason that the essential Dickens is the decorations and not the structure of the novels, while with the dramatist looking for a plot it is the other way round.

Take the case of *Dombey and Son*. I venture to say that anybody can write a play round Mr. Dombey, Edith, and Mr. Carker. I do not know any dramatist who has not written this play, while all of them do it better than any adapter of Dickens who proves himself to be second rate in that he prefers to dramatise Dickens's version rather than concoct his own. The essential part of *Dombey* is Captain Cuttle, Mrs. MacStinger, Joey Bagstock, Miss Tox, Mr. Toots, and all the rest of them. Obviously these people cannot be put on to the stage, and if you will pay me enough money I will write you an essay to show why! My position in this matter might be summed up: A loaf of this bread is bad, and half a loaf worse!



Mr. J. Pomfret, F.L.A., the President of the Preston Branch, reviewing the year's work, considered that the branch had quietly maintained the success of its initial year and pointed particularly to the successful establishment of a dramatic section, to the holding of its first annual Dinner and Dance, and to the real excellence of the contributions made to the syllabus by its own members. The interchange of visits between Preston and Blackburn Branches had been most happy events. Altogether the year had enriched its members in the knowledge of Dickens and the spirit of the Fellowship, and it could be said the work had been worth while. Much regret was expressed that indisposition had compelled Miss M. Huddleston to relinquish the post of Hon. Secretary, and tributes to her work and genial personality were given. Miss Newman was elected her successor.

* * * * *

The Rugby Branch reports another excellent year. The session began with a talk by Mr. H. J. Whittick, President of the Institute of Journalists on "The Humanity of Dickens," and other high spots have been the dance, which realised a profit of over ten pounds for hospital purposes, the men's night, the President's song recital, and the ladies' dramatic evening. On April 3rd twenty-four of the members visited the Redditch Branch and provided the programme. The membership is still increasing.

THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

By W. MILLER and E. H. STRANGE

(*Continued from page* 99)

PART XVII.

COVER.

Outer front cover has the serial number XVII. Inside front cover advertises "Chubb's New Patent Detector Lock" and "Chubb's Patent Combination Latch." Back cover inside advertises "Fourth Edition" of "Sketches Of Young Ladies" and "Webster's Acting National Drama." Outer back cover is wholly occupied by a notice of the "GARDENERS' GAZETTE" in large, heavily-leaded type, with woodcut of three pot-plants.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of "The Pickwick Advertiser" of eight pages unnumbered, and three back items. Page 1 of the Advertiser bears the serial number XVII; page 4 is headed with a woodcut of a pair of spectacles; beneath it is the legend "Adams's Improved Spectacles." Page 5 bears two advertisements, "The Modern Toilet" above, "Crosby-Hall Wine Establishment" below. Page 7 is partly in half measure, with the announcement "Teeth. A Saving of Twenty Guineas" at the top left. Below is a rhymed advertisement of Doudney and Son, running up the page. Back advertisements are (1) a single leaf, verso blank, advertising "The Tea Establishment" of Ridgway, Sidney & Co., (2) an inset with three woodcuts announcing "John Amesbury's Patent Spine Supports." This inset is really a single long sheet folded into four, verso blank, but usually the stitching caught each of the four component leaves, so that leaves 2 and 3 were separated with a knife. Occasionally, however, one comes across the inset opening out freely. (3) A 16-page inset (all numbered except (1), (2), and (3) and (16)), advertising Lockhart's "Life Of Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

PLATES.

MR. WINKLE DISCLOSING HIS MARRIAGE, ON HIS KNEES. In the first plate the upper of the two shelves on the right of the picture has nothing on it, and the top shelf of the cupboard has no plates standing upright. There is a row of plates on the middle shelf in the first plate, a row of bottles takes their place in the second. THE BAGMAN'S UNCLE. In the first plate the bundle to the right in the foreground is not corded, as it is in the second, in which, also, a bundle appears on top of the coach.

ADDRESS.

A single leaf, unnumbered, dated at foot August 26, 1837, advertising

on page 1 " New Work by " Boz " " above, and below " Sketches by " Boz "," on page 2 " New Works Preparing for Publication." There are at least thirteen variants of this leaflet. The main points of difference are the size of the type used to head the two paragraphs and the length and thickness of the lines used for display.

TEXT.

The main differences between first and second issue are these :—

Page 499.—Page numerals are clear in first issue, not in second.

Page 501.—Line 18 up, comma at end of line nearly absent in second issue, perfect in first.

Page 503.—Last line. " Sir " is wrongly aligned in first issue, corrected in second.

Page 510.—Line 4 up, " i " of " kind " undotted in second issue.

Page 516.—Line 19 up, full stop after " dell " in first issue, corrected to semi-colon in second.

Page 518.—Last line, comma after " gentlemen " in first issue, missing in second stereotyped issue.

Page 523.—Line 26, inverted commas before " Of course " perfect in first issue, first one almost vanished in second.

Page 530.—The line after the story of the bagman's uncle is very thick and black in first issue, very thin and faint in second.

PART XVIII.

COVER.

Outer front cover has the distinctive serial number XVIII. Inside front cover is headed " An Important Addition To The Pickwick Papers ! ", advertising Parts I. to V. of " Weller's Illustrations To The Pickwick Club." Below are advertised " Gilbert's New Map Of The World " and " Gilbert's New Map Of Europe ", all published by E. Grattan. Back cover inside advertises five publications of Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, " Gems of Beauty, for 1838 " at the top, " Southey's Poetical Works " at the bottom. Outer back cover is wholly occupied by Charles Tilt's announcement of " Splendid Annuals For 1838 ", with four titles and ten almanacks. Imprint is as in Part XVI :—

Bradbury And Evans] [Printers, Whitefriars.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of " The Pickwick Advertiser ", 16 pages unnumbered, and four back advertisements. Page 1 of the Advertiser bears the distinctive serial number XVIII. Page 3 is headed " In October Will Be Published, Jennings' Landscape Annual For 1838 ". Page 5 " On The Second Of October " . . . . . " Sketches In London ". Page 8 is in half measure with nine advertisements; at top left " The Corn Trade " (a corn cure of J. A. Sharwood). Page 9 has at the bottom a woodcut of Wood and Barrett's " Patent Self Acting Oven and Boiler

itchen Ranges". Page 11 is in half measure; at the top right Her Majesty Victoria" advertising "Madame Tussaud And Son's xhibition." Page 13 is headed "French Wool Mattresses", of F. eale and Son, 203, Tottenham-court-road. Page 15 is in half measure bove, with three advertisements, top left "To Architects, Surveyors, nd Artists Generally", G. Rowney and Co., Rathbone-place". Back dvertisements are (1) a single leaf, verso blank, "The New Tea Varehouse" of Lashmar & Bellingham. There are three different sues of this advertisement, the first being that in which all prices are ı ordinary unleaded type, the second in which the prices of coffee only re leaded, and the third where all prices are leaded. The second is ossibly the rarest. (2) "The History of the French Revolution" by I. A. Thiers, a single leaf, unnumbered, page one almost entirely ccupied with a woodcut of symbolic figures relating to the period. 3) A single leaf, unnumbered, in blue, "Simpson's Herbal Pills". 'his leaf was set up in at least four slightly varying forms, for which it ; not possible to establish certain priority. (4) An inset of 8 pages, nnumbered, advertising i–x "Works Published By J. J. Dubochet ınd Co.", and i–xxiv "Works Published By Joseph Thomas".

'LATES.

Two steel plates were etched for each of the illustrations. BOB AWYER ON THE ROOF OF THE CHAISE. In the first plate he Irishman's stick on the right of the picture has no bundle tied to t, as in the second, in which, also, there is a rude suggestion of a face n the centre of the flag. The flag has one tassel in the first plate, two n the second. The mouth of the passenger seated beside the driver f the passing coach appears below the driver's whip in the first plate. n the second it is a straight line above the whip. THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE RIVAL EDITORS. In the first plate there is ıothing hung on the end of the dresser, in the second there are a jug ınd a toasting fork, and further, a mug appears on the dresser top)etween Sam's legs. In the first plate three jugs hang from the top shelf of the dresser, in the second plate, five.

ADDRESS.

This is a single leaf, unnumbered, dated September 29, 1837, ınnouncing on the first page "Completion Of The Pickwick Papers" ınd "New Work By "Boz"." "The first Number will appear on he 31st of March, 1838." Page (2) announces the publication in Twenty Numbers, in octavo price One Shilling each, of Sketches By "Boz".

TEXT.

First issue differs from the second stereotyped issue in these points :—

Page 536.—Last line perfect in first issue, in the second "from every" damaged.

Page 543.—Line 7, no comma after "Pickwick" in first issue, as there is in the second.

Page 545.—Last line "master" in first issue. "naster" in second.

Page 546.—Line 7 up, "S" of "So" is an italic letter in first issue, not in second.

Page 552.—Line 21 up "I look upon. Sir. you" first issue, "I look upon you, Sir," second.

Page 556.—Line 4 up, full stop present in first issue, missing in second.

Page 558.—Line 19, comma after "this" in first issue, omitted in second.

Page 561.—Line 2, "sitting" first issue, "setting" in stereotyped second issue.

Page 561.—Line 16 up, inverted commas at the end of the line in first issue, missing in stereotyped second.

(To be concluded)

WITH THE AUSTRALIAN BRANCHES

There was a large gathering of members and friends, and some new members were enrolled, at the Birthday Supper of the Melbourne Branch. The President (Mr. W. G. Southwell) opened the proceedings by saying, "One hundred and twenty-three years ago God gave a great gift to the world in Charles Dickens. The acid test of popularity was time, and his immortality stood unquestioned." Mr. McRae, Director of Education, spoke of the incurable optimism of Dickens, who might be styled the biggest optimist in the world. This quality was materially strengthened in the British race by his writings. Mr. L. V. Biggs, Editor of the "Age" newspaper, said, "The love of Dickens had permeated the whole country; it was far better to have a wholesome love of Dickens than to have a liking for that pernicious stuff that some people were trying to bring into Australia." He spoke, too, of his visit last year to the Dickens House in London, where so many interesting relics were to be seen. A warm reception was accorded to Professor Cumbrae-Stewart, President of the Brisbane Branch, who, with his wife, was paying his first visit to the Melbourne Branch. Other speakers were Mr. C. R. Long, M.A. (a Vice-President), Dr. James Booth (President of the Australian Literature Society), and Mr. A. S. Kenyon (President of the Historical Society).

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At Brisbane in March, Mrs. A. J. P. Green (Vice-President) gave a very interesting address on "Dickens the Psychologist," and chose characters from *Great Expectations* and *Little Dorrit* to show the wonderful studies in psychology Dickens had made. Prof. Cumbrae Stewart gave his Presidential Address on March 15th, and described the various experiences and investigations of interest to Dickensians, which he had received and made respectively, during his holiday in Melbourne.

The Dramatic Evening held in April was arranged by Miss Jean Trundle, who has introduced more new members to this branch than any other member. It was an outstanding success; all the scenes were taken from *The Pickwick Papers*, and many of the players were perfectly true to type. There was a record attendance of over 170.

In May, an address on "The Ethics of Dickens's Novels" was given by the Hon. C. Jameson, ex-justice of the Supreme Court.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" ON THE SCREEN

THE most important recent event to Dickensians is the filming of Dickens's favourite novel and, judging from the almost unanimous raise the film has received from the Press, is of almost equal importnce to the film world generally.

It is true that some of the more literary and discriminating reviewers ave raised doubts as to the propriety of filming "Dickens"; but hile maintaining that the indefinable quality which pervades all that ickens wrote, distinguishing his work from that of other British ovelists, is unrealisable in any other medium than that of literature, must be frankly admitted that the latest screen play reproduces with delity most of the salient features of the narrative and re-creates he atmosphere of the period with a considerable measure of success. he choice of *David Copperfield* for their initial venture into the realm f Dickens and of Mr. Hugh Walpole to adapt the novel to the needs f the screen shews commendable sagacity on the part of the producers, hile the informed direction by Mr. George Cukor indicates that the mericans have little to learn either in presentation or appreciation f Dickens. Almost every line in the film is delivered with undertanding and praiseworthy restraint. As the cast is mainly British here is, with one exception, no traceable American accent.

The film is in two parts; the first, and in my opinion the more ttractive, deals with the childhood of David; the second with his dolescence. Stage adaptations, of which there have been a number. ave usually emphasised the story of Little Em'ly, the other elements f the book being subordinated to this theme. This version, however, urports to deal with the whole story of David Copperfield. From he point of view of a film audience it is not satisfactory to have two irtually independent stories running side by side, but the Peggotty ousehold is so closely interwoven into the fabric of the novel and ontributes so large an influence to the romantic aspect of young David's life that it is inseparable from any fair representation of the tory.

Nevertheless, one feels that attention is annoyingly diverted from he Trotwood, Micawber, and Heep circle by the flying visits to Yarnouth and it is impossible to feel more than a passing interest in Ham, Em'ly, and Steerforth. The film occupies nearly two hours and a half —which is over long for a film; yet infinitely too short to do full ustice to the book. It may be that after its first showing at the Palace Theatre, London, where it ran for eight weeks, it will be reduced in length to meet local exigencies.

There are more than sixty acting parts in the film and as this allows but an average of two minutes' stage traffic to each actor, the feeling that we are not seeing enough of some is unavoidable. I do not know how long in time Mr. W. C. Fields occupies the screen but it speaks volumes for the actor that he dominates the stage from the moment he appears. I am still uncertain whether Mr. Fields is playing Mr. Micawber or whether Mr. Micawber is playing Mr. Fields, but the

result is a comic creation greatly to the taste of the audience. A purist might complain that the dignity of Mr. Micawber, his gentility, his enormous faith in himself, encouraged by Mrs. Micawber's unfailing belief in him, and in his capacity for ultimately meeting his pecuniary obligations in full, were not over-evident and that a shiftless, shady ne'er-do-well is not quite the character that Dickens's genius has immortalised. As a Dickensian I feel I must protest that Mr. Fields' head does not present that egg-like appearance which astonished David at their first meeting but as he wears his hat (except when it falls off) almost continually, I record the fact more in sorrow than in anger.

Master Freddie Bartholomew, as David in his boyhood, gives a faithful and lovable portrait; his appearance, diction, poise, and understanding are perfect. Mr. Frank Lawton carries on the good work in the later phases of the film with considerable charm. The strength of character that David displayed in his conquest of the difficulties of "getting on" are not evident as this phase of David's life is regrettably omitted. Miss Edna May Oliver gives a life-like performance of Betsey Trotwood. The scene in which she confronts the Murdstones is one of the triumphs of the film.

A word is due to Mr. Roland Young for his study of Uriah Heep. One critic puts him at the bottom of the principal actors, while another states that "he stole the picture." In view of these conflicting opinions, who is to decide? He plays Uriah with less exaggeration than is usual and to that extent is more convincing; he is, perhaps, rather too spotless in feature and linen (one does not somehow associate Uriah with over-cleanliness); that dimpled smile for which Mr. Young is famous suggests that he is merely amusing himself with his pose of humility and not to be taken too seriously; still, the flashes of diabolic villainy are there when the situation demands their display. On the whole an admirable piece of acting. Mr. Murdstone, lacking the profuse whiskers with which his creator endowed him, seems a trifle too bellicose, a man perpetually ferocious rather than one of austere habit until angered. Dickens even gives him a "grave smile." However, Mr. Basil Rathbone gives a faultless performance of a somewhat sadistic stepfather but leaves one in doubt as to the reason why Mrs. Copperfield, engagingly acted by Miss Elizabeth Allen, became attracted to him.

It is impracticable to examine in detail and to appraise all individual performances, but three minute characterisations deserve a paragraph to themselves, namely, Mrs. Gummidge (Miss Una O'Connor); Barkis (Mr. Herbert Mundin), whose facial expression is eloquent, and Mr. Dick (Mr. Lennox Pawle) a superb portrait.

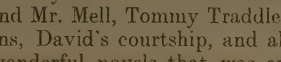
For the rest the names of Mr. Lionel Barrymore as Peggotty, Miss Maureen O'Sullivan as Dora—sweet and natural but scarcely petite enough, Miss Madge Evans as Agnes—an exquisite performance, and Miss Jean Cadell as Mrs. Micawber are a sufficient guarantee of the all-round excellence of their respective performances.

Little more need be said except to acclaim the excellence of the

roduction as a whole. The reproductions of Blunderstone Rookery ad Church, Peggotty's Ark on the Sand, Betsey Trotwood's cottage n the Dover cliffs (with donkeys!) and Canterbury Cathedral, are alone orth seeing. The wreck off Yarmouth is remarkably well done. here is excellent authority for stating that most of the scenery and ich buildings as still exist were photographed on the spot. The ouble taken is justified in the result and we have a picture of England the early nineteenth century at its best.

Finally there is no lack of genuine pathos in the film—as in the tory—nor is humour lacking. It is a film to laugh at, to cry over, and bove all to enjoy, but if you want to hear something of David's school-ays, Mr. Creakle and Mr. Mell, Tommy Traddles, the friendly waiter, penlow and Jorkins, David's courtship, and all the other glories of ne of the most wonderful novels that was ever written, read the ook.

A. E. B. C.



Miss Florence Tylee, whose charming anecdotal essays have been feature of *The Dickensian* in the past, is the new President of the Bath Branch.

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The Greengate (Salford) Hospital and Open-air School has benefited o the extent of £58 18s. 0d. by the Birthday dramatic performances f the Manchester Branch, as reported in the last number.

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Mr. T. H. Moffett is the new President of the Manchester Branch vhich reports an increase in membership of over thirty per cent.

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We have received from the Hull Branch a long and interesting eport of the year's work. There have been ten literary evenings, even of which were filled by members of the branch; and four social venings piloted by the ever-energetic Mr. Harold Kellington. At he Birthday Dinner, 144 members took part in a brilliantly successful vening. One hundred and thirty lonely old folks were entertained t Christmas.

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The Hackney Branch advises us that Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, men-ioned in the Diary as the lecturer for March, was unable to be present owing to illness; her place was taken by Mr. Percy T. Carden, who gave a lecture on "The Legal Aspect of *Bleak House*." Mr. Carden, himself a lawyer, had to agree that Dickens did not exaggerate in his description of the law. An animated debate followed.

* * * * *

The season of the Hackney Branch closed on the last day of April with a series of short papers of a rather unusual kind. Miss G. Eaton depicted Dickens interposing in a broadcast discussion on Capital and Labour and giving his solution of some modern problems. Mr. W. J. Saunders introduced Mr. Pickwick, complaining that Dickens had not treated him quite fairly and had made him appear ridiculous when there was no reason for doing so. Mr. J. P. Rapsey attacked "The Real David Copperfield," and Mr. J. H. McNulty reported an imaginary conversation between Shakespeare and Dickens.

DICKENS AND HIS WIFE

By J. W. T. LEY

[Note.—Dickens's letters to his wife, which were deposited in the British Museum by Mrs. Perugini, will be published within the course of a week or two by Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd. The full title of a neatly produced volume will be "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens. His Letters to her: With a Foreword by their daughter Kate Perugini. Edited with Notes, etc., by Walter Dexter." In order that there shall not be a delay of nearly three months in the appearance of a review in *The Dickensian*, I have very courteously been supplied with an advance proof copy.—J.W.T.L.]

HERE, beyond argument, is the most important Dickens book since Forster's was published more than sixty years ago. In 1858, Charles and Catherine Dickens separated after a married life of twenty-two years. Forthwith the tongues of the slanderers began to wag. Dickens himself was goaded by whisperings into the most injudicious act of his life—save only, as this volume makes all too clear, his marriage itself. The result of this unhappy episode was an acute sensitiveness in his children, natural enough, of course, but encouraging to the unfriendly folk, and the whisperings which persisted all through the years. The publication of these letters must surely silence them for ever. Thus their value can scarcely be exaggerated. For it is scarcely conceivable that there remains hidden anywhere at this time of day anything which would affect the judgement that we are now entitled to form. I, at any rate, am convinced that if there really existed anything at all that could justify the insinuations that we have all heard so often it would have been raked into the garbage heap by this time.

The publication of these letters has been far too long delayed. Why the family withheld them from the world is difficult to understand, for they certainly clear Charles Dickens of any charge of cruelty or unkindness. If the world had been allowed to read them long ago his children would, I am convinced, have been saved much pain. Their publication at long last is an event of first-class importance in the history of our literature, for they are the last intimate revelation that we can hope to have of one of England's greatest writers. We are surely able now to come to a definite conclusion about Dickens's domestic troubles, and the conclusion must be that when he wrote in *David Copperfield*, "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose," he was truly writing from his heart. Once more the ghouls are disappointed. There are no "revelations" in these letters. Therein instead lies their tremendous interest. They firmly underline Dickens's own tragic declaration to Forster: "Kate and I were not made for one another"; there is no hint in them anywhere of anything blameworthy in either party.

It may be assumed that different readers will read them from totally different angles of temperament, if such an expression is permissible. I can only try to convey how they have impressed me. Continually as I have read and re-read the letters written before marriage, I have seemed to hear the cry that David Copperfield heard

Blind ! Blind ! " The very first letter strikes the note of inevitability. It is rather long, and cannot be quoted in full, but a fairly extended extract must be given. Charles and Catherine became engaged in May, 1835, and this first letter was written in that same month. " My dear Catherine," it begins. Letters written thirty years later are addressed to " My *dearest* Catherine." It opens thus :

" It is with the greatest pain that I sit down before I go to bed to-night, to say one word which can bear the appearance of unkindness or reproach ; but I owe a duty to myself as well as to you, and as I was wild enough to think that an engagement of even three weeks might pass without any such display as you have favoured me with twice already, I am the more strongly induced to discharge it. The sudden and uncalled for coldness with which you treated me just before I left last night both surprised and deeply hurt me—surprised, because I could not have believed that such sullen and inflexible obstinacy could exist in the breast of any girl in whose heart love had found a place ; and hurt me, because I feel for you far more than I have ever professed, and feel a slight from you more than I can tell. . . . If a hasty temper produces this strange behaviour, acknowledge it when I give you the opportunity—not once or twice, but again and again. If a feeling of you know not what—a capricious restlessness of you can't tell what, and a desire to tease, you don't know why, give rise to it—overcome it ; it will never make you more amiable, I more fond, or either of us more happy. If three weeks or three months of my society has wearied you, do not trifle with me, using me like any other toy as suits your humour for the moment ; but make acknowledgement to me frankly at once. I shall not forget you lightly, but you will need no second warning. Depend upon it, whatever be the cause of your unkindness—whatever give rise to these wayward fancies—that what you do not take the trouble to conceal from a Lover's eyes, will be frequently acted before those of a husband."

Less than two years before he had written to Maria Beadnell, " I have borne more from you than I do believe any creature breathing ever bore from a woman before." More than twenty years later he was to write to her, " Nobody can ever know with what a sad heart I resigned you, or with what struggles and what a conflict."

Mrs. Dickens desired that these letters should be published because they would show the world that her husband had once loved her. Rather, do they not show to the world that he was at that time in love with love ! The burning sincerity of his letters to Maria can never be doubted. That within quite a few months he had formed even a distantly comparable affection for Catherine Hogarth seems to me quite outside the bounds of possibility. If young Charles Dickens could have done what David Copperfield did when he lost Dora, gone abroad for a year, he might have returned and presently found an Agnes. But while he was in the throes of self-pity, he was suddenly thrown into the company of three bright young girls, and fell in love with love. That he should be blamed I cannot see ; much less should she be blamed. There is no doubt but that all early, but too late, he realised the mistake he had made, and there can be no doubt either but

that for twenty years he strove honestly and manfully to make the best of what he and all who were intimate with his home knew to be a bad job.

I have written of self-pity. I think we must concede that much to Mr. Kingsmill. But is not everything clear? Does not that first letter reveal everything? He has suffered cruelly from the capriciousness and foolish coquettishness of Maria Beadnell, and now, when he imagines he has found his consoler, he has to suffer the same at her hands. Poor Catherine! Probably she was doing no more than every young engaged girl does—using her pretty feminine wiles; the old, old ways of woman—"Pursue a shadow it will flee you, leave it alone it will pursue"—but the wounds made by Maria Beadnell were still sore, and in his self-pity it was an Agnes Wickfield he wanted in whose lap he might lay his head.

But poor Catherine had none of the understanding of an Agnes. These letters tell us so over and over again. "I hope the spirits are better this morning, and that you have no intention of being 'low' again." "Not low again this morning, I hope? You ought not to be, dear Mouse, and are very ungrateful if you are." "I hope you are in better spirits this morning, than when I left you yesterday afternoon." "I am most happy to hear that you have not been 'coss'—though I perceive you have not yet subdued one part of your disposition—your distrustful feelings and want of confidence." "1000000000000 kisses—Not coss?" "You must not be 'coss' with what I cannot help. I like the *matter* of what I have done to-day, very much, but the *quantity* is not sufficient to justify my coming out to-night. If the representations I have so often made to you, about my working as a duty, and not as a pleasure, be not sufficient to keep you in the good humour, which you, of all people in the World should preserve—why then, my dear, you must be out of temper, and there is no help for it."

The last extract is from a letter written less than a month before the marriage, and the work it refers to is obviously the first number of *Pickwick*. It seems to me to have all the inevitability about it that the echoing footsteps have in *A Tale of Two Cities*. If we read it in an early chapter of an autobiography should we not know that we were inevitably to read towards the end, (I quote now from the "violated letter.") "Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together, who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common."

And that, I truly believe, is the whole story of this unhappy business—except—and here is something probably of great significance, but of which we know nothing, and are now scarcely likely to be told anything. In that "violated letter" reference is made to "a mental disorder under which she sometimes labours." A letter written in 1835 ends thus: "I hope your cold is better, my dearest girl, and that you have no new complaints either *bodily* or *mental*: indeed I

feel full confidence after last night that you will not have a renewal of the latter." Surely we are bound to relate those two passages? Was there some incipient mental trouble which was aggravated by child-bearing?

"God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man." Oh, the might have been! Poor Catherine! Totally unfitted, mentally and temperamentally to be the wife of a creative genius who lived on his nervous energy. There is the whole sad story, I do truly believe. It is impossible not to feel tearfully sorry for Catherine. For Dickens, I think there must be a deep sympathy. I do not believe that *blame* should attach to either. I believe that he manfully strove through long long years to make the best of things, and it surely is a marvel how he managed, amid all the distractions of a miserable home, to give masterpiece after masterpiece to the world. There is nothing in the whole of these letters that may be called unworthy or unmanly. They seem to me to show that if she had been other than she was he would have come to love her with a deep calm affection.

In January, 1836, he wrote to his sweetheart:

> If you knew how eagerly I long for your society this evening, or how much delight it would afford me to be able to turn round to you at our own fireside when my work is done, and seek in your kind looks and gentle manner the recreation and happiness which the moping solitude of chambers can never afford, you would believe me sincere in saying that necessity and necessity alone, induces me to forego the pleasure of your companionship for one evening in the week even."

That dream—the early dream of all worthy men—was never to materialise for him. Thirty years and six months later he wrote:—

> Dear Catherine,
>
> I thank you for your letter.
>
> I was in the carriage that did not go over the bridge, but which caught on one side and hung suspended over the ruined parapet. I am shaken, but not by that shock. Two or three hours work afterwards among the dead and dying surrounded by terrific sights, render my hand unsteady."
>
> Affectionately,
> Charles Dickens.

He was to write to her once more—November, 1867:—

> "My Dear Catherine,
>
> "I am glad to receive your letter, and to accept and reciprocate your good wishes. Severely hard work lies before me; but that is not a new thing in my life, and I am content to go my way and do it.
>
> Affectionately yours,
> Charles Dickens."

Ah, sad! sad! But out of all this book comes nothing to shake the position which Charles Dickens has held in the hearts of mankind for nearly a hundred years. It is a pity that these letters were not

published years ago. It would have avoided much that has given pain to the family.

There is very little in the post-marriage letters that would seem to be of any significance or to bear upon the trouble. But many of them contain characteristic Dickensian touches, and some admirable descriptions of travel.

It should be added that the volume has been very thoroughly edited. The chronological tables are very helpful.

THE FELLOWSHIP IN MONTREAL

Among the social features of the season of the Montreal Branch was the annual Bridge drive in November at Victoria Hall, under the chairmanship of Mrs. J. Bruce Jordan. It was most enjoyable in every way, besides netting us $121.44 for our philanthropic work.

We are indebted to our Players for two of the most entertaining events of the season—the production of *A Christmas Carol* in December and *The Old Curiosity Shop* in April, the latter under the able direction of Whitfield and Maude Aston.

The Birthday Banquet at the Mount Royal Hotel was well attended and a delightful event in every way. The President, D. A. Martin, occupied the chair, and there were nearly 250 persons present.

The happiest evening of the year in Montreal was the Tiny Tim night, when 361 gifts and $56.75 in currency filled the huge Christmas stocking presided over by Mrs. A. E. Stevens, who, with her committee, allocated the gifts to the suffering little ones in the children's hospitals. We always feel particularly near to the heart of Dickens on that night.

At the Moore Home at Longue Pointe on April 3rd a concert was given for the old people, who were served plentifully with cake and ice cream. There were sixty old women on one side of the hall and an equal number of old men on the other side, all of whom seemed to enjoy both the concert and the refreshments. A few days later we entertained the Little Sisters of the Big Sisters Association.

During the present season we have assisted in establishing children's dental clinics throughout the city. This is a new feature of our welfare work, and one in which we are proud to take part. It is under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross.

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DROOD VANISHED INTO NOWHERE

THE Mystery of Edwin Drood, the unfinished last work of Dickens, has been filmed at Hollywood by Universal Pictures, Ltd., under the sub-title "Vanished into Nowhere."

Whether (in the Princess Puffer's phrase) you "go along with" the film story or not, you should go along with a friend to see the picture. You will both be interested and entertained. Your friend need not be a Droodist to understand the film version of the story. For Carl Laemmle, the producer, has faithfully retained in his version of this mystery story some fragments of the original, but the film makes no claim to strict fidelity to the dead and gone story in detail. The film plot is neither tedious nor too complicated, and the action is rapid.

Having said so much in the film's favour, I will confess that personally I was disappointed with it. But then, I am no impartial critic, but a disgruntled Droodist with theories of his own. However, if you see the film for yourselves no harm will be done if I voice my own complaints.

My chief complaint is that the film has banished into nowhere, with Edwin Drood, so many principal characters and features. The Billickin; Bazzard; Tartar; Honeythunder; Lobley; the real Rochester and London of 1842; the rooks; the setting sun; the moon; most of the humour and pathos of Dickens; opium smoking. For "opium" it seems is a word so wicked that in the film world—as becometh such saints—it may not even be mentioned! When De Quincey's masterpiece comes to the films, "The Confessions of an Overeater" is the title it must bear, and his gorgeous (*sic*) dreams, like the white elephants of Jasper's (which the film has naturally omitted) must be attributed to a fit of indigestion, if they are to pass the Censor!

What the untutored mind of the audience will imagine Jasper to be up to when they see him in the old lady's bedroom I can't guess, but perhaps they will remain as uncertain as I am whether or not he murdered her in the end. But I must speak of the actors.

John Jasper missed the inspiration of a real pipe of opium. For, in spite of anticipatory flames from the nether regions which ingeniously turned out to be from his own fireside, John's devilry seemed to me to lack fire. Should not Mr. Claud Rains, "the invisible man," have been cast, instead of Mr. David Manners, to play the part of Edwin who vanished into nowhere?

Miss Heather Angel, as Rosa Bud (in keeping with the first part of Dickens' story) makes a good sticky schoolgirl, but was a bit too forthcoming, later on, with Neville.

Mr. Walter Kingsford, though not the angular Mr. Grewgious whom Droodists love so well, did satisfy my critical judgment in his conception of his part.

Mr. Francis L. Sullivan's characterisation of Mr. Crisparkle interested me, but I was disappointed to find that in the passage of years the

Reverend Septimus had acquired such an "elderly spread" as to make it impossible that he could that moment have returned sparkling from a brisk trot after service ending in a charge at his favourite fragment of ruin or have broken the thin morning ice near Cloisterham Weir with his amiable head.

If Mr. Forrester Harvey's Durdles was not the gruff and dogged stone-mason whom Dickens conceived, but a cheerful country yokel, without a dinner-bundle, he was nevertheless quite good fun. So was the boy Deputy, whose "Widdy Widdy Wen" gave me as much pleasure as anything in the film in spite of the implication that a new mystery to be solved is why the Imp of Mischief should have crossed the herring pond to Cloisterham?

I was sorry for the twin Landlesses, who did their best to fill parts that seemed to me to be totally misconceived.

Sapsea bored me, as he was meant to do, but did not also amuse, like his original. Miss Twinkleton and Mrs. Tisher in the tweezers and paper-knife scene most pleasantly recalled the delightful original.

To conclude, I liked those parts of the film best in which the author's story was followed most closely, and in which the actors spoke only what Dickens had set down for them. P. T. C.

WINNIPEG

We are pleased to hear that the high merit of the meetings of the Winnipeg Branch is well maintained. At the Birthday celebration, the toast of the Immortal Memory took a novel form, as reported on another page.

Miss Sylvia Turner gave a most interesting lecture in March on Dickensian notables, including the places made famous in the novels, from lantern slides in Mr. Gerald Wade's collection.

At the April meeting, the retiring President discussed fully the merits of the characters in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Professor Clark R. Hopper is the new President of this Branch.

* * * * *

AUCKLAND

The 1933-34 season has been a particularly successful one. Membership has been well maintained and the year finished with a roll of 137. The book chosen for study has been *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a selection fully justified from every point of view. Members have been in request to give Dickens programmes, and in this way have rendered valuable service in spreading Dickensian literature and fostering the Dickensian spirit. At Christmas members provided an entertainment at the Blind Institute, which was greatly appreciated. The Dickens cot at the public hospital has been fully utilised, and members of the committee have from time to time paid visits to its various occupants. A notable happening of the year had been the establishment of a Dickens library and museum, rendered possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Connelly, who had presented a valuable and handsome library fixture. Regret is expressed at the continued illness of Mr. Arey, the Hon. Secretary.

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE DROOD COVER

SIR.—I have read Mr. Carden's letter attentively, and would like to express my conviction that the cover of *Edwin Drood* was unquestionably redrawn by Luke Fildes from Collins's sketch (already published in *The Dickensian*).

From my long and very close acquaintance with Fildes I must say—as I am sure everyone else who knew him would affirm—that he was a man of absolute honour and veracity and would claim nothing that was not his own.

He told me more than once that he redrew the sketch; that Dickens was dissatisfied with one of the scenes in it, namely, the way in which Fildes had realised the brilliant lighting from the lantern, and also the clear lighting of the circular staircase. Dickens's anxious comment was it should have been absolutely dark, to which Fildes replied, "But if I make it dark the spectator would see nothing of the figures." At this Dickens smiled, and so agreed.

Fildes also added that Dickens gave him a hint which might have been the solution of the "Mystery." But as this was said in absolute confidence Fildes promised that he would not reveal it.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

The Victoria (British Columbia) Branch has been having most interesting meetings. Mr. E. F. Chester, a Hollywood film director, being on holiday, devised a skit on the present run on Dickens's stories for screen plays, which was much enjoyed. Mr. Chester took the audience behind the scenes of picture production, and introduced Dickens himself to protest against many liberties which were being taken and which, fortunately, proved of avail.

A lecture by Mr. C. C. Pemberton on Bishop Bompas—a well-known Canadian Divine—son of Serjeant Bompas, the original of Serjeant Buzfuz in *Pickwick*, and another on "The Artful Dickens" by Major Donald, showing how the author drew public attention to various abuses through the medium of his fiction, have been much appreciated.

* * * * *

On the occasion of the retirement of Miss C. G. Fox from the secretaryship of the Victoria Branch she was presented with a suitably inscribed scroll, signed by the members, and an engraved Crown Ducal plate depicting the Pickwickians leaving the Golden Cross. Mr. W. L. Llewellyn, the late President of the Branch, and Mrs. Llewellyn, having gone to Vancouver to reside, were also recipients of presentations.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

Catalogues of the Libraries of Dickens and Thackeray, edited by J. H. Stonehouse. Piccadilly Fountain Press. 25s.

David Copperfield, with original illustrations, and illustrated in colour from the M.G.M. Film of the story. Queensgate Press. 2s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Dickens and the Film," by Hubert Griffiths. *The Observer*, 2nd December.

"The Victorians reconsidered," by Bernard Darwin. *John o' London's Weekly*, 16th March.

"Oliver pays out more," cartoon by Raven Hill. *Punch*, 13th February.

"Boots and Blacking." *The Times*, 19th March.

"Books Dickens meant to Write," by A. Garfield Curnow. *Methodist Magazine*, March.

"The Plunge into Dickens," by Bernard Darwin. *John o' London's Weekly*, 23rd March.

"In the Land of Pickwick." *Motor Cycle*, 21st March.

"Dickens in Scotland." *The Queen*, 17th April.

"Great Stories in Brief: *Nicholas Nickleby*." *Sunday Circle*, 6th April.

"Dickens Walks in the World Again," by P. W. Wilson. *New York Times Magazine*, 31st March.

TWO COPPERFIELD FILM BOOKS

The story of the film version of *David Copperfield* made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been most attractively produced for sale at sixpence. Written by C. M. Martin, M.A. (Oxon.), it is by no means a condensed version of the book, but the story of the film, and it is embellished with about fifty pictures from the film. Admirable as it is, it cannot replace the whole book, of which the Queensway Press has just published a new edition containing some of the film scenes in colour as well as the original Phiz illustrations. Mr. Metcalfe Wood has supplied an interesting introduction, and the whole is surprisingly good value for half-a-crown.

A THIRTY YEARS INDEX TO *THE DICKENSIAN*

The Index to the first thirty volumes of *The Dickensian* is now ready, and Miss Minards, the Assistant Secretary of the Fellowship, is to be warmly congratulated on the completion of a valuable piece of work. It will prove a real blessing to the many who are on research work in connection with Dickens. There is an announcement in the advertisement pages of this number to which the attention of every reader is directed.

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DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

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June 7—Social Evening.
July 5—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Miss Barbara Sisley.
19—Lecture on *David Copperfield*, by Rev. Archbishop Ward.
Aug. 3—Lecture on Thackeray, by Mr. Stuart Stephenson, M.A.
16—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Mrs. Dulcie Scott.

BROMLEY.
June 22—Visit to Hampton Court.
July —Visit to Salisbury.
Aug. 31—Visit to Rochester.

CHRISTCHURCH.
June 1—Selections from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, arranged by the Misses Craig and Musgrove.
July 6—Humorous Items, arranged by Mr. P. H. Harris.
Aug. 3—Selected.

LONDON.
June 29—Pilgrimage to Canterbury.
July 20—Afternoon Ramble among City Churches.
Sept. 21—Motor Tour of Dickens's London.

ST. PANCRAS.
June 15—Ramble.
July 13—Summer Outing to Knebworth.
Aug. 17—Visit to Harrow School.

SYDNEY.
June 28—Lecture by Mr. Denzil Batchelor.
July 26—Musical and Dramatic Evening, arranged by Miss Fay Hornsby.
Aug. 23—Lecture by Mr. Alan Bladen.

WHITSTABLE.
June 17—Picnic.
24—Reading.
July 8—Barge Trip.
22—Ramble.
Aug. 12—Essays on *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
26—Ramble and Picnic.

PLAYS ON THE LIFE OF DICKENS

We hear of several plays based on the life of Dickens. One by Messrs. C. F. Carr and E. A. Mitchell is due for production in Southampton early in June. Mr. Ralph Straus has just completed another version, and we know that Mr. H. O. Barnett, the past President of the Cheltenham Branch, finished some months ago a play on the same subject to which the Editor of *The Dickensian* gave considerable assistance.

In the long report of their year's activities issued by the Toronto Branch, we note with pleasure that some two hundred needy children were provided with clothing, toys and Christmas cheer during that festival. The Most Rev. Derwyn T. Owen, Archbishop of all Canada, has been elected Hon. President for the season 1935-6.

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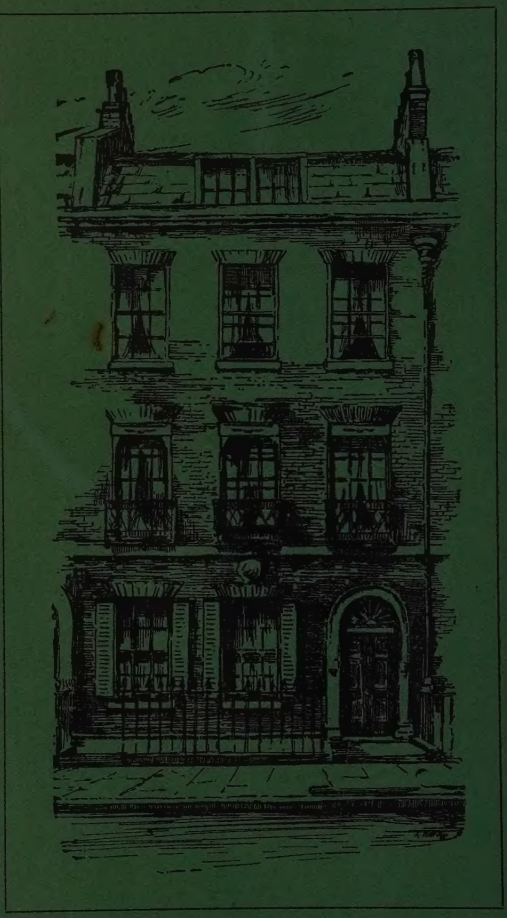

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